

JOHN BULL

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ONE PENNY

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For meaning of
this No. see
Page III. of cover.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

HUSH!

**HERE COMES
THE DREAM MAN**

—SUNG BY—
MISS JEN LATONA.

WORDS & MUSIC

GIVEN WITH
THIS WEEK'S

MRS. BULL



NOW ON SALE. BUY IT TO-DAY.

How to Completely Overcome TOBACCO HABIT



VICTORY IN 3 DAYS.

WAS AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

Mr. P. Gibbons, London, W., writes: "I am very pleased to say that your C Treatment has cured me of the Tobacco habit. I am surprised at the easy way in which I was able to give up smoking. I have tried dozens of times before, and the longest time that I ever went without a smoke while awake was two hours."

WILL POWER DID NOT HELP HIM.

Mr. J. Hendell, London, W., writes: "I had to give up my smoking up to the time of taking your Treatment, and had often tried to stop smoking, but found it quite impossible to do so. I was surprised to find how easy it was to give up Tobacco by taking your C Treatment."

ENJOYS MUCH BETTER HEALTH.

Mr. J. W. Clark, Chesterfield, writes: "I am pleased to say that your C Treatment has stopped the desire for Tobacco. I used to smoke four ounces of pipe tobacco every week. I feel in very much better condition of health now that I am no longer smoking."

WELL WORTH THE MONEY.

Mr. A. Grant, Manchester, writes: "I wish to thank you for the C Treatment, as it has entirely stopped my craving for tobacco, and I think it is well worth the money which I paid for it. I used to smoke from 20 to 30 cigarettes daily."

FEELING A LOT BETTER.

Mr. D. Evans, No. 7972, Swansea, writes: "I am pleased to say that your C Treatment has cured me of the cigarette habit, and I am feeling a lot better in many ways after getting rid of such a bad habit. You are at liberty to use my name, and if anyone should write to you about the tobacco habit you can refer them to me."

HAS MORE ENERGY NOW.

Mr. H. Carter, Watford, writes: "I was a heavy cigarette smoker, and I am glad to say that since taking your C Treatment I have lost all the craving for tobacco, and am feeling very much better now that I am no longer using tobacco. I have greater energy for my work."

USED TOBACCO SINCE 10 YEARS OLD.

Mr. J. Murray, Glasgow writes: "I first began to smoke cigarettes when I was a boy of 10, and had kept it up ever since, smoking about 100 cigarettes in a week. I would have smoked more if I could have afforded it. I am exceedingly glad that I sent the money and received your remedies, because I feel in much better health now that I am no longer smoking."

Attained at Last—A Successful Remedy.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS. THEY ARE BUT A FEW FROM LEGIONS.

NO LONGER WANTS A PIPE.

Mr. M. Denford, Merton, Devon, writes: "I took your 3 days C Treatment, and am very pleased to testify that it completely took away the craving for tobacco, and I am also glad to say that I am feeling in much better health than I have for many a day. I have never once had a crave for the pipe since the first day I started taking your treatment."

HEAVY SMOKER OF CIGARETTES.

Mr. J. Sincok, Redruth, writes: "Your C Treatment is all that you claim it to be. I was a heavy smoker of cigarettes, but I now have no more desire to smoke, and I thank you very much for what your C Treatment has done for me."

USED TOBACCO FOR 20 YEARS.

Mr. J. C. Guest, King's Norton, writes: "I write to tell you that your remedy for the Tobacco Habit has cured me entirely, and I have no desire to smoke at all now. It seems a marvel to give up a habit so easily after being addicted for 20 years."

NO LONGER WANTS CIGARETTES.

Mr. H. Thistlethwaite, Burnley, Lancs., writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your C Treatment. It has cured me of the Tobacco Habit, and I have no further desire for cigarettes. You can make what use you like of this letter, and you can refer anyone you like to me."

SMOKED 100 CIGARETTES WEEKLY.

Mr. G. Stables, Horsforth, writes: "I feel that I must write and let you know the result of your C Treatment, which has been a success. I used to smoke about 100 cigarettes per week, and the craving for them was very great; but before I had finished your three days' treatment, I had lost all desire to smoke, and I must say that I feel much better now that I no longer smoke."

LOST ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

Mrs. R. Roberts, Cinderford, writes: "I am writing to say my husband has entirely lost all desire for tobacco since taking your C Set of Remedies. He has not touched tobacco in any form since he started taking them, and although he had a box of cigars sent to him, he has no desire whatever to smoke them."

GLAD TO SAVE MONEY.

Mr. James Riddle, Aberdeen, N.B., writes: "Your C Treatment has proved excellent. I have no desire for tobacco now. I am very glad to be rid of the habit, because I can very well do with the money which I used to waste on tobacco."

ALL DESIRE or CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes, and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better, while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 72 HOURS

Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars, including my Book on Tobacco Habit, mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address—

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk St., (306 T.E.). London, W.C.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XII. No. 314. Week ending Saturday, June 8th, 1912.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at
93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate
to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LONDON READERS.

EARLIER PUBLISHING DAY.

Commencing with this week, the London and
Greater London Editions of JOHN BULL will
be published on

WEDNESDAY MORNING, INSTEAD OF THURSDAY,
as hitherto; and we hope shortly to be able to
expedite the publication of all Editions throughout
the United Kingdom.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and
topics of the day.]

THE PRESS AND OURSELVES.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a generous doctrine,
and in the estimation of a generous press, is apparently
not restricted to merely physical death. Indeed, it
were almost worth resigning our seat in Parliament to
learn that, after all, we have not been an utter failure.
A special character study in the *Saturday Review*, by
the brilliant Filson Young—full of all kinds of nice
things about us—was a splendid climax to the sym-
pathetic and flattering treatment of the general press.
And we are very grateful.

THE STRIKE.

As will have been gathered from the short account
which appeared last week of our speech at the
Trafalgar Square Demonstration, we were very
inaccurately reported in certain papers. We did
not come out "as a Labour agitator" or "as a
revolutionist." On the contrary, we endeavoured
to speak a little cold common-sense.

WHY WE SPOKE.

The only reason why we went to Trafalgar Square
was to see and learn. You can never get at the truth
about a big strike till you have seen the strikers. And
we defy any unprejudiced person, witnessing that crowd
and listening to those speeches, to come to any other
conclusion than that the crisis had been forced upon
the men against their desire and despite every possible
effort of their leaders.

THE FACTS.

We need not go into details. There has been an
impartial Court of Enquiry, presided over by Sir Edward
Clarke. And he has found that on five points out of
seven the men were in the right, and that on the other
two they had taken a mistaken view on a purely technical
matter. This is bad for the masters, who did not
improve their position by declining to attend a joint
conference. The truth is that they were not so much
opposed to meeting the men as to meeting each other.

THE "LABOUR PARTY."

And where have the Labour M.P.'s been? With the
exception of Thorne, O'Grady and Lansbury, they have
been unheard of. The fact is, they are now known in
their true character—a tame and timid wing of the
Liberal Party. We assert with confidence that in the
course of a few years, unless its guidance and policy are
changed, the Labour "Party" in the House of Commons
will have ceased to exist. Most of its so-called leaders
will have accepted either office or jobs, and the rest
will get mislaid.

NORTH-WEST NORFOLK.

After South Hackney, North-West Norfolk. We did not
expect Mr. Hemmerde to do quite so well—excellent
candidate as he is. He should now be right in the
running for the Solicitor-Generalship when Sir Rufus
"goes up."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Of course the result of the election afforded the usual
opportunity for demonstrating the moral turpitude
of the Party press. "The sweeping reduction of the
Radical majority," says the *Telegraph*, "is but another
proof of the persistent unpopularity of the Insurance
Act." "An inspiring victory," shouts the *Chronicle*,
from which "Liberals are justified in drawing very
encouraging morals." The *Mail* comments on the
"heavy fall in the Liberal majority," and the *Express*
describes the result as a "rebuff to the Government."
Needless to add, the *Daily News and Leader* makes a
special article out of the election and goes into
hysterics about its "great significance." Poor Man
in the Street!

SECRET WILLS.

We wonder why the Duke of Fife's will has been
afforded the privilege of secrecy which has hitherto
been restricted to royal personages. The Duke of Fife
was in no sense a royal personage, and the public has
just as much right to know what he did with his
million as it has to gossip about the bequests of Tom,
Dick and Harry. While we are on this subject, we
venture to submit a note of interrogation as to this
royal prerogative of secrecy in the matter of wills.
We can see no possible objection to disclosure.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

SMITH'S *Titanic* REPORT.

The report of Smith, of Grand Rapids, on the *Titanic* disaster, is precisely what everybody reading the evidence with unbiassed mind must have expected it would be. Stripped of its Grand Rapid rhetoric, it beats the British Board of Trade into a pulp, blames Captain Smith for speeding the vessel in spite of warning signals, emphasises the insufficiency of life-saving appliances, denounces the haphazard and undisciplined manner in which affairs on the doomed ship were ordered after the collision, chastises Captain Lord of the *Californian*, whose "officers and crew saw the distress signals and failed to respond to them in accord with the dictates of humanity, international usage, and requirements of the law," notwithstanding that if they had done so they "could have saved every human life," highly praises Captain Rostrom of the *Carpathia*, alleges that his wireless operator refused from venal motives to relay messages giving news of the disaster, and vigorously indicts the White Star Company. After these smashing conclusions the Mersey Court may, if it chooses, whitewash the Board of Trade and recommend medals for the directors of the White Star Line.

Titanic VICTIMS.

"It would be a fine idea," says a correspondent, if we "sent someone down to Southampton to find out how the widows of the men lost in the *Titanic* are spending the money they are receiving from the local Fund. Immediately they get a sovereign they go to the public-house and spend it, and the poor children are forgotten." We cannot help thinking that this is an exaggerated statement, but in any case we must not be hard upon the poor women. Most of us would probably be tempted to "drown our sorrows" were we similarly situated.

A WORD FOR THE LIVING.

It will be remembered that in consequence of the pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Buxton by several Labour members in regard to seamen of the *Titanic*, summoned as witnesses at the Enquiry, sleeping out upon the Embankment owing to the fact that their allowance for expenses did not permit of decent accommodation, a considerable increase was granted. We are, however, informed that the stewardesses—who should surely have been among the first to have received an enhancement of pay—have had no increase. And, it is asked, how do the rescued stand in regard to their lost kits? Is no portion of the huge amount subscribed by the public to be applied in replenishing these outfits?

NEW ZEALAND'S GOOD VICES.

New Zealand sounds so far away that we do not often bother about advertisements in its newspapers, but the following seems to strike a new note:—

MATRIMONY.—Genuine, healthy, virtuous Christian Gent., no bad vices, good parentage, wishes acquaintance short lady, 24 to 32, equal qualities, live Christ-like life essential; country home. Correspondence confidential.

A virtuous Christian "gent.," who desires to live Christ-like life in the company of a short lady with equal qualities is surely too modest when he informs a wondering world that he has "no bad vices." What is the difference between a good vice and a bad one? The redundancy seems to imply that he has no outrageous ones, but it leaves a sad suspicion in our minds that he may perhaps possess inclinations which are not quite consistent with our idea of Christian virtue. However, as we said before, New Zealand is so far away that nothing matters there except to deluded emigrants who go out in the expectation of picking up pieces of gold and silver.

VON BIEBERSTEIN.

Is Count Von Elphberg anybody in particular? We are aware he is the special correspondent of the *New York American* in Berlin, but has he any other qualification or status entitling him to be so cocky in the expression of his views about the Von Bieberstein, Germany's new ambassador to London? According to the Von Elphberg, the Von Bieberstein is not a dove sent from the ark; he comes not to bring peace, but a sword. "His appointment," it is alleged, "forebodes more than ever the coming clash between England and Germany. His appointment deceives no one who is familiar with the relentless methods of German imperialism. He is the real author of the anti-English policy which has been pursued in Germany for a decade and a half." In any case, by his works we shall know him. And we shall not be long in knowing them.

DECLINE OF METHODISM.

A Wylam-on-Tyne reader thinks the chief fault of Wesleyans is their clannishness. According to him, they seem to conduct their social and religious affairs as if there were no other religionists worth considering. "While one is thankful for much of the good work they do and have done," he argues, "let them recognise the good work done by other religious bodies." But if clannishness tended to disintegration the Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled would have been a broken people long ago. No, we cannot accept clannishness as the cause of the decay of Wesleyan Methodism. In our opinion the explanation is the one we have already given: it has outlived its day.

SENILITY AND SERVICE.

We gather that conscription is already in force in South Africa, and that the Government has power to call up all citizens from seventeen to sixty years of age for service in time of war, but the age of forty-five is considered there too senile for admission to the Civil Service. The motto evidently is, "Never too late to serve, early too late to administer."

BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE CHIMNEY.

A correspondent encloses a letter which he has just received from his sweep: "I am writing concerning your chimneys, that I would rather you get some one else to come and sweep them, as it is such a dirty job, and I always have to have my clothes washed after I have been here, thanking you for past favours." As the sweep has worked for our correspondent every six months for a great number of years, it is certainly strange that he should only now have discovered that the work is "dirty." Perhaps, however, there is to be a sweep-strike, and all sweeps intend to insist upon cleanliness in connection with their job. "White gloves for sweeps" would make a good cry.

ARE CHRISTIANS KILL-JOYS?

A Newcastle minister who has gained a local reputation by his hustling but not very original sensationalism—the Rev. Stanley Parker, to wit—recently advertised himself to preach in the Wesley Central Hall on the subject, "Are Christians Kill-joys?" adding, "Readers of JOHN BULL specially invited." If our rev. friend had told us about this lecture beforehand we would have saved him the trouble of giving it. The subject of our discourse has never been that query. In our emphatic opinion Christians are not kill-joys. The title of our rev. friend's sermon should have been, "Are Kill-joys Christians?"

"Can you hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

WHITE PERIL IN ARGENTINA.

From time to time we have commented upon the insecurity of Buenos Aires for white ladies, and we have been deluged with protests from coffee-coloured men, who assert that the Argentine Republic is a paradise of propriety. Now our attention has been called to a complaint in the *Buenos Aires Standard* from a lady who often has to wait for her tram for a quarter of an hour at a populous corner. She says that the insults with which she has to put up "while waiting, from the passers-by (chiefly Spanish men) are intolerable," and she asks whether nothing can be done to lessen the waiting and the insults. We are so much accustomed to waiting in this country that that scarcely seems a grievance, but as to the insults, why not ask a brawny friend to wait round the corner until summoned to give the dagoes a lesson?

THE ONE AND ONLY.

For years we have been looking for an instance in which "Christian Science" has saved anybody who would otherwise have been dead. Now we have it in Mr. Lawrence Beesley, a master at Dulwich College, saved from the *Titanic*. The moment he realised there was any danger, he explains, he remembered that he was a Christian Scientist, eliminated fear, and "this condition of mind enabled me to stand quietly on deck and watch boats being lowered until the moment came when I was able to get into one without depriving anybody of room." Christian Science on this showing seems to be another name for luck. But why was the boat wanted at all?

JUSTICE FOR TRICKSTERS!

A man has been sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour for cheating some sailors in the train, but the only evidence against him was that he played the three-card trick and won. Now, the victims of the three-card trick must be divided like ancient Gaul into three categories. There are those who are taken in by the turning down of a corner, and try to profit disingenuously by what they imagine to be their astute observations. Others who know the principles of the trick are aware that the marked card will not be "the lady," so they are taking an even-money chance by betting on one of the other two. Lastly, there are those who keep an open mind and take even money about the two-to-one chance. They do this with their eyes open, so how are they cheated? As a matter of fact, the three-card-trick men often lose money when shrewder brains are pitted against their own. If they are to be sent to prison, their victims ought to accompany them, if only for gambling in public places.

SHOULD DANGER BE DISCOURAGED?

The death of the cyclist diver at Brighton Pier came to us as a bit of a shock, for we had seen him go through his performance so often that there seemed no more danger about it than in ordinary diving. Now we notice that some solemn coroner or other foolish person in authority has been moralising about the wickedness of permitting such shows. If the fact of a death having occurred after many years is sufficient reason for putting a stop to all trick diving from the heads of piers, would not the death of a cricketer who might be struck on the temple with a cricket ball be a reason for suppressing all cricket, just as a fatal accident in the ring is considered by many joy-stranglers to warrant the suppression of boxing? As for aviation, of course, that is far too dangerous for a namby-pamby age, and ought not to be allowed until we have learnt to fly in safety. Our only objection to bicycling off the ends of piers is that, when once you have seen it, you have no very wild ambition to see it again.

PREBENDARY WILMOT AND US.

Replying to our recent Open Letter to him, Prebendary Wilmot, Vicar of St. Jude's, S.W., says he is "perfectly well aware that the plea of providing 'servants with opportunities for rest and relaxation' is one which is advanced in print on behalf of the increasing custom of Sunday dinners at the restaurants," but he does not feel able to accept our defence of the custom. He thinks a "thousand or so" waiters too small a number for the guests dining out at these sumptuous repasts, that the *chefs* and other helpers are left out of account, and that, even if 800 of them are foreigners, the Lord's Day is as much for foreigners as for us. The exact number of waiters is not really in question. What is certain is that somebody has to work on Sundays, and until the Prebendary, ourselves, and a few thousand others learn to cook and serve up our own dinners, or are willing to fast (or somebody invents meals—which we are able to carry in our waistcoat pockets) somebody will have to feed us on Sundays as on other days. For the rest, we have to point out to the Prebendary that Sunday is not the Lord's Day. It is an invention of the Roman Catholic Church.

ANOTHER VICAR'S SUNDAY.

The Rev. H. B. Bentley-Smith, Vicar of Coatham, is more after our own heart. For all we know, he is on the way to become a member of the John Bull League. After saying that he abominates narrow-minded Sabbatarianism, claiming Sunday for the benefit of the body as of the soul, and presenting the view that there is not much, if any, difference between taking a walk for Sunday recreation and, for instance, playing golf, he pleads for one day's rest in seven for all. "We have no right to be selfish in our recreations. Sunday golf which entails no extra Sunday work on others is one thing; Sunday golf which deprives others of their hard-earned Sunday rest is another." So he asks for Sunday rest for the girls who cater for the club members all the other days of the week; also for the professionals and the caddies. Such is the reasoning of a reasonable man. This one day rest in seven is what we should like to see for all who labour, to the uttermost extent of its possibilities, with Sunday a day of real blessing for mind, and soul, and body, not a special day set apart for conventionalities and cants innumerable.

S.S. *Ansonia*—THIRD-CLASS.

A very large number of third-class passengers on the Cunard liner *Ansonia*, which sailed from Southampton on April 11th, send us a statement complaining of the disgusting state in which they were existing on the passage. "The sleeping accommodation for the women and children is abominable," they say. "Many waited hours for berths, some two days, and were then packed in numbers of six, eight, ten, twenty-eight, and in one case fifty-two sleeping in open berths. The lavatory accommodation for both sexes is disgusting, it being almost impossible to get a wash. The stench is unbearable. Very few cabins are provided with proper beds and other necessities. The whole thing is a wicked misrepresentation." It is the same old story. Evidently these liners take no thought for decency or comfort for third-classers, regarding them as a sort of live ballast, and nothing else. When does the Board of Trade intend to awaken to its duties and responsibilities in respect of British passenger ships?

PREFERENCE.

"Wanted" says an advertiser in a Glasgow evening paper, "bed sitting-room for gentleman . . . without dinners weekdays; no Sunday hymns preferred." Evidently he is not a joiner.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

A G.W.R. SIGNALMAN.

Writing on our paragraph in regard to a signalman starved through the coal strike, a Great Western Railway signalman says his is a starvation wage all the year round. He is a married man with a wife and five children, his wages being 18s. a week, and his working hours 12 a day. What he actually receives, however, is 14s. 9d., the company deducting 2s. for rent and 1s. 3d. for clubs. If he were ill he would receive 12s. a week, but the company would still take 2s. for rent and 1s. 3d. for club, leaving him 8s. 9d. to support his family and get well on. Obviously a man in this position is in a continual state of unrest, and gladly throws in his lot with any industrial upheaval in which he sees a chance of wage betterment. If the directors had to work 12 hours a day in a signal-box for 18s. a week, they would probably strike when the iron is hot.

OUR CHANGING DAYS.

No more eloquent testimony to our changing days could be given than that of the gentleman who has presented a "fine specimen of a hansom cab" to the London Museum in Kensington Palace. That humiliation is enough to make old Hansom turn in his grave. We can see in imagination a guide of the future taking a party round the Museum and saying, "That there, ladies an' gents, was once the gondoler o' London. It were patented in 1834 by a chap wot called hissel' Hansom, though I dunno if he were or not. He were the harchitect o' the Birmingham Town Hall, an' his cab were a revolution. It was rubber-tyred when it were about on its last legs, but when the motor-car comed in the hosses wot pulled it started ter die off, the blokes wot drove the hosses went to the workus, claimed their old-hage pensions; or retired on their hindependent means, and that there heligent sample were about to be chopped up for firewood when it were rescued by the gent wot presented it free gratis an' for nothing to this museum. Pass on, ladies an' gents, if you please. This—"

SILLY-BILLIES.

We are not specially concerned with the question whether the *Kettering Guardian's* defence of the management of the Burton Latimer Cottage Homes is or is not justified; on this point the members agree to differ, but a vote of censure on the editor and reporter—as if the editor and reporter would care a brass farthing for a hundred votes of censure from the *Guardians*—ought to have been too silly for the chairman to allow the *Guardians* to discuss. It is no more the business of *Guardians* to censure a newspaper than it would be for them to censure the equator or the moon. It is to the credit of the Board that they refused to make fools of themselves at the behest of a minority whose *amour-propre* the newspaper had offended, the Rev. Turton, who seconded the resolution, running away before the voting "to attend another meeting," possibly in a nursery.

DISASTERS TO UNCLASSED SHIPS.

It is, indeed, at least a remarkable coincidence that the three greatest maritime disasters of recent times—namely, those to the *Delhi*, *Oceana* and *Titanic*—have occurred to vessels all of which are neither classed by Lloyd's nor surveyed by any standardising society. It cannot, of course, be suggested that the vessels were not built up to the requirements, the only reason doubtless being that the little extra supervision which is necessary to meet the demand of the societies' surveyors is very irksome, both to the builders and to the owners. Lloyd's surveyors do not go in for so much "wining and dining"!

"PRINCE AND PRINCESS MICHAEL."

Our Open Letter to Prince and Princess Michael, the shopkeeping Jezreelists of New Brompton, has upset a whole nest of hornets in the Latter House of Israel. Everybody in the place seems to have got stung, judging by the variety of missiles the inmates are throwing at us. One of them, writing at us in lovely violet ink, remarks, "As regards God's ambassadors keeping shop, pr'thee, JOHN BULL, why not? It has become quite fashionable for royal personages to engage in trade. No doubt many such spirits were abroad even in Paul's day. 'Say, Paul dear,' they'd say, 'why the devil do you have to make tents for a living?' " We haven't the smallest objection to royal personages or Paulinians engaging in trade for a living, and we don't care a black beetle whether they trade in rubber or tents; but Prince and Princess Michael are not royal personages. They are mere humbugs; and to appeal for trade on the ground that they are "God's ambassadors" is both blasphemy and hypocrisy.

POVERTY AND IMPUDENCE.

A story from Southampton, as it reaches us: An old couple had been in the workhouse and had given notice of their intention to leave. Both being in receipt of old age pensions, they no doubt thought they could cash their orders; probably they had plans for spending the swift evening of their days together. "When they reached the Post Office they discovered that the numbers and amount corners had been torn off the orders in each book, and when they questioned the man who had held them while they were in the 'house' all the satisfaction they could get was, 'Oh, I know my own business.'" Now these two poor old people, half a century married, have to return to the workhouse for another week. The drift of the story is quite clear, but our informant does not explain who tore the pension orders, where they were torn, and why anybody should tear them. Can the workhouse officials enlighten us?

A NOVELIST ON THE PARTY SYSTEM.

The idea of a Business Government is indeed catching on. Even the very novelists are putting it into the mouths of their characters. Here is Mr. Charles Marriott, one of the most celebrated writers of fiction of the present day, talking about it very sensibly in a book called "The Dewpond," which has just come out and is creating a considerable stir. The following extracts may be given:—

"Have you noticed that both sides are now appealing to our sacred feelings?"

"But it's always been Codlin and Short, hasn't it?"

"Yes, but it isn't quite that now. They're lugging in the throne and the constitution, and the church and the family, and the Lord knows what."

"All good things, brother."

"Undoubtedly, but they're being lugged in by both sides over the best way of buying at tuppence and selling at tuppence ha'penny. That's the only sacred interest that's really concerned."

"Oh, well, I'm not worrying."

"Nor am I, except as it affects people. Wherever I go, I find that people are getting more and more to see that, except for a very limited class, party politics are a purely sentimental consideration—whether they would like Codlin or Short to get the ha'penny."

"They're not going to get it anyhow. But their sacred feelings being appealed to, they're beginning to examine them—with some remarkable discoveries. They're discovering that there are quite a lot of little things they want for themselves. And they mean to have them. That's what I find so interesting."

So do we.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 748.

PINCHBECK IMPERIALISM.

When you tackle an official of the Empire Day movement, and point out to him that he is only attempting to bribe a number of idle people with games and buns; when you ask him what advantage can be gained by waving flags and singing the National Anthem on one particular day rather than another, he sends you a long letter full of platitudes, and war-cries, and mottoes, and tells you that the movement is intended to proclaim "one King, one Empire, one Fleet," etc. Why only one Fleet? It looks as though we might soon be wanting a second one in the Mediterranean.

LUDICROUS LEGISLATION.

One of the many anomalies of the law is to be found in the fact that bookmakers are allowed to bet on races and on credit in their offices, but directly any one of them started the much fairer plan of the totalisator he would be run in as a rogue and a vagabond on a charge of conducting a lottery. Why is it that the smug people who try to interfere with our harmless pleasures are always illogical and ridiculous?

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

The need for the appointment of official shorthand writers to all the courts of justice is so obvious (one had almost said so essential) that it is surprising to find that Lord Justice Vaughan Williams and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton have thought it necessary to lament their absence publicly. "They would," they say, "be of very great assistance not only to litigants but to judges." We did our best in the House to press this matter upon the attention of the Attorney-General, and he promised to "consider it." Has he yet done so?

AN ARABIC PROVERB.

"Men are Four: (1) He who knows not and knows not that he knows not; he is a fool—avoid him. (2) He who knows not and knows that he knows not; he is simple—teach him. (3) He who knows and knows not that he knows; he is asleep—awake him. (4) He who knows and knows that he knows; he is wise—follow him." Take each of the present "leaders" of men and see to which category he belongs.

GERMANY IN AFRICA.

Apropos of our recent articles "Stop Germany Now," a Johannesburg reader informs us that the Germans out there have recently formed a "German Navy League." Our correspondent adds: "They don't seem content to collar all our trade and take the bread out of our mouths, but now have the impertinence to try and raise the means (under our very noses) to destroy us with." The President appears to be one Herr Schorkopf, which, being interpreted, we believe means thickhead. We hope the complaint will not spread to his ear!



S. B.: "WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO THE POST OFFICE?"

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["Taking the Biscuit" has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.]

For directing a person desirous of opening "a stubborn fruit jar" to "invert the top of the jar in hot water (BOILING hot, but NOT BOILING),"

THE DAILY DISPATCH (Manchester)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a charge against the driver of a motor bicycle: "P.S. Dale, P.C. Green and P.C. Carr, and Sarah Dilley gave evidence. THEY WERE FINED £4 EACH,"

THE NORTH BEDS. COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a testimonial to a patent medicine proprietor, published in the "Bradford Daily Argus": "There's no two ways about it; such a man ought to LIVE FOR EVER and WHEN HE DIES his knowledge ought to be left behind,"

Mr. DAVID MIDDLETON (5, Dover Street, Shipley)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a flight by Mr. Grahame-White that: "The breeze took him over the spectators, and, flying back, he ALIGHTED JUST OVER THE TOPS OF THEIR HEADS,"

THE REFEREE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in his novel "The House of Mystery," that: "The girls' FINGERS went click, click, click, as they typed for their daily bread,"

Mr. RICHARD MARSH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a riot at the Oporto University under the heading "Students smash Furniture at SPANISH University,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a race meeting that: "Men's eyes were diverted from Lord Ellesmere's horse to the ANIMAL IN BRONZE AND WHITE SLEEVES,"

THE DAILY NEWS AND LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Major Archer Shee as stating that: "It ought to be made compulsory for all PASSENGERS to be fitted with wireless installations, and to carry a proper complement of operators,"

THE WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. J. P. Brown, of Plymouth, as stating, at the Annual Conference of the Rural Deanery of Ipplepen, that: "The separation of the Welsh Church from the English Church would leave it, in the words of Gladstone, 'a lacerated and bleeding MOUSE'" (mass).

THE WESTERN DAILY MERCURY (Plymouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "RUNNING with the Turkish HOUND and HUNTING with the Italian HARE as a member of the Triple Alliance is a game that has been played long enough by the German Government,"

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.
We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

"AN INDEPENDENT."

MR. FILSON YOUNG AND MR. BOTTOMLEY.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

I confess that I dismissed Mr. Filson Young as quite small beer until I read his article in the *Saturday Review* the other day. It was called "An Independent." Here at last he had found a tempting topic and, arguing by contraries, I imagined that he would fail. To my surprise, he did very well.

Now comes my trouble. Every word of his article is worth reading, and it will be very difficult to give a synopsis which will do justice to his brilliancy. However, there is no harm in striking his keynote: "It is always profoundly interesting to see a man of great ability attempting to stand alone, to carry his ideas not through the use of established machinery and institutions, but simply through his own activities. There are many men in public life who call themselves independent; but I hardly know of one, with any influence worth mentioning, who is so really, except Mr. Bottomley. Many clever men start life . . ."

THE COMMONS CHARNEL HOUSE.

That reminds me of a conversation which I once had with the greatest statesman of the age when I was soliciting his support for my parliamentary candidature. He made me quite a speech about people who create reputations outside the House of Commons. They expect to be Prime Minister, or First Lord of the Admiralty, or at least Under Secretary for the Colonies. They have been accustomed to flattery and adulation and pedestals. Then they are ushered up the floor of the House of Commons, they take a meaningless oath and shake hands with the Speaker, seat themselves on back benches and realise their limitations. "The floor of the House of Commons," said Mr. Churchill, "is strewn with reputations, the ghosts and carcasses of still-born ambitions, littered with strangled hopes, a charnel house of disappointment." He probably said nothing of the kind. I am only talking to the best of my recollection.

Mr. Bottomley came to the House of Commons, saw it, and conquered it, and came back unscathed to a larger field. Having accomplished the impossible, he will probably wait to return until he has a sufficient mandate to order the removal of baubles.

"It is at least one sign of greatness that a man does not fit into existing institutions." One sign of greatness! Can Mr. Filson Young suggest any other? "Our modern Samsons wisely get hold of a pillar supporting some human institution, so that if they fall they break it down with them." I am afraid that Mr. Filson Young must have neglected his Bible during his journalistic triumphs. Surely Samson did not clutch pillars with any idea of supporting himself. Surely his intention was to combine the destruction of existing institutions with suicide. The analogy between Samson and Mr. Bottomley is not very fortunate. Mr. Bottomley has his strong hand upon the pillars and intends to shatter an ungainly, useless edifice, but he does not mean to find himself among the ruins. He is sufficiently sprightly and nimble to jump aside before the catastrophe comes!

"When I see Mr. Bottomley engaged single-handed in one of his periodical conflicts with some of the most powerful organisations of our world, I cannot help wanting him to win, whether he is right or wrong." That is a very characteristic remark by Mr. Filson Young. It is not eloquent, it is not remarkable, it is too obvious. But when we come to think it over,

it does say what we have all been thinking; it crystallises the Englishman's love of sport; it interprets quite a large portion of the successes of Mr. Bottomley. It is the voice of the Man in the Street.

Some of Mr. Filson Young's cynicism is quite good of its kind. It points out that unsuccessful financiers are always supposed to derive their losses from the pockets of widows and orphans; that widows and orphans must be much richer people and even more credulous and greedy than they are generally supposed to be. He might have gone on to demonstrate that the same widows and orphans do not move votes of thanks, erect statues, or wave flags when they pull off a ten to one chance. "As far as I can gather, Mr. Bottomley has made a fortune and lost it again; so that it has gone back to the widows and orphans, in which case everyone should be satisfied. . . . Money is not lost: it only changes hands."

"MAKING HIS INFLUENCE FELT ON HIS TIME."

"It is impossible to deny that, quite single-handed, Mr. Bottomley is making his influence felt on his time." It may be thought that, because I am writing in Mr. Bottomley's paper, I am probably prejudiced in his favour. Not a bit of it! One of the chief charms which I share with him is the Englishman's privilege to express opinions with frankness and unconcern.

"It is a really remarkable fact that a man who has always had a large hostile public ready and willing to trip him up on the slightest opportunity, should have been able to hold his own, not by keeping quiet and hushing things up, but by coming out into the open and fighting." If I had not had opportunities for inside observation, I should have been inclined to say that Mr. Bottomley had never had "a large hostile public." But on reflection the absence of hostility must be entirely attributed to his own right hand and his brawny arm—more probably to his soothing voice and caressing conversation. The hostile public was there right enough, but he had the gift of disarming it almost before it had realised its hostility. The result was that it was never hostile. If he had accepted rebukes, skulked, retreated when he was obviously overpowered, he would never have had a ghost of a chance, he would have been reduced to mincemeat long before his personality had been realised. Have you ever noticed people trying to cross the streets? An old woman with a Balfourian mind rushes forth, darts back, makes wild sallies at the most dangerous moment, causes motor-cars to skid and dodge, imperils the immortal souls of short-tempered cabmen, risks her life by her very anxiety to safeguard her skin. Another person smokes a cigarette, or whistles and strolls across with his hands in his pockets, never looks round, and runs no risks at all. That has always been the attitude of Mr. Bottomley towards the traffic of life. Apparently he saunters, he disregards, he shrugs his shoulders, he keeps his hands far down in the deepest recesses of his pockets. The result is that no one wants to run over him. Or, if anyone does, he finds that the indifference is only a pose, that the affectation of carelessness is safeguarded by an alertness which is all the more potent because it is never obtruded.

Mr. Filson Young, however, must not think that I am quarrelling with him. I am only criticising his remarkable article because it is good enough to invite improvement.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

THE ROOT OF EVIL.**THE KILMERS KIDDING THE CREDULOUS CROWD.**

There is no doubt that many patent medicines offer the public in ready form curative preparations of the highest value, which they would find it costly and difficult to have compounded specially for them. On the other hand, there are some which trade upon the gullibility of the ignorant and are either valueless or positively aggravating to the complaints they are boasted to relieve and cure.

Within the latter category comes "Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy." Though stated on its label to contain the "active medicinal properties of Swamp Root, Field Herbs and Healing Balsams," these ingredients are so small in quantity as to be negligible, the chief constituent being alcohol, it being present in a strength of 9 per cent. above that of champagne. The prescribed dose is "one, two or three teaspoonfuls, or more, four times a day." As is well known, alcohol increases every form of bladder trouble, and this *caric blanche* to sufferers to dose themselves to any extent with it is nothing less than a crime.

In the United States there is a very summary method of dealing with sharpers of every description. An enquiry is held, after which it is open to the authorities to issue what is called a "Fraud Order," under which the Post Office refuses to accept letters from the person found guilty, or to deliver to him any communications. This simple step is very efficacious, and has had the result of driving to our shores many thousands of quacks and "green goods" and "get-rich-quick" practitioners.

But the Kilmers who own the "Swamp-Root" tippie had what is called in the Land of the Wooden Nutmeg "a pull." Jonas M. and Willis Sharpe Kilmer are the richest men in the town of Binghamton. They live in the finest houses, their business premises are the largest in the place, they are president and vice-president respectively of the local bank, the father has been Police Commissioner of the city, the son is an aspirant to Congressional honours—but, above all, they run the leading newspaper in the neighbourhood. An enquiry was certainly started by the Government, but after extraordinary delays in the hearing, the matter has apparently been dropped. Coincidentally with this cessation of hostilities, the paper changed its politics, so as to accord with those of the party in power.

While proceedings were, however, pending, the following significant change took place in the Kilmers' label:—

OLD LABEL.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT
KIDNEY, LIVER, AND
BLADDER CURE.

This great remedy cures all kidney, liver, bladder, and uric acid troubles, and disorders due to weak kidneys, such as catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism, lumbago, and Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney disease.

NEW LABEL.

SWAMP ROOT KIDNEY, LIVER,
AND BLADDER REMEDY.

Numerous testimonials are to the effect that it has been used with benefit in cases which have been diagnosed as acute and chronic kidney, liver, bladder, urinary disorders, pain in back, joint, bones, and rheumatism and Bright's disease.

It will thus be seen that every definite claim has now been dropped, though the retraction is certainly very cleverly concealed. There is now no statement that a doctor is connected with the concern or that it is a cure or ever has cured anybody of anything!

Reformers have often lamented that in this country there is no machinery by which a "Fraud Order" can be made and enforced; we will venture to say that were empowering legislation enacted over here the authorities would not behave in the same way as the United States have in regard to this mean and murderous "medicament."

AN ILL-ADVISED PROJECT.

Two or three years ago we drew attention to the indiscretion of one Nehemiah Curnock, who proposed to publish a diary which Wesley had endeavoured to protect by a number of secret signs. An attempt is now being made through various Methodist publications to force this book upon public libraries, but we hope that the authorities will be content to produce it on its merits, in which case it will probably have to trust to the ordinary laws of supply and demand, perhaps finding its way to butchers' shops and other places where paper is useful for packing.

THE TOO-MUCH EMPLOYED.**PENSIONERS' UNFAIR COMPETITION ON LABOUR MARKET.**

A North London reader, in sending us a cutting from a newspaper containing a report of the sudden death of a police inspector on the day he completed twenty-five years' service and was about to take up a post under the Factory Acts, tells us that re-employment of pensioned men is a very old grievance of his. Just now he feels particularly strongly upon the matter, as he is one of the "great unemployed," owing to the company for which he worked for over seven years having shut down. We agree with him that, in the present state of the labour market, it certainly seems very hard that men with good pensions should be able to obtain situations which hundreds—nay, thousands—are anxious and willing to accept. Our correspondent, like very many others, has been out daily for the past three months looking for work, but unsuccessfully. He is forty-six, fairly well educated—his letter testifies to this—and of decent appearance, and would be only too pleased to accept a job at 25s. a week—less than many a police official's pension. He rightly thinks that he, and those in his unfortunate position, have our keenest sympathy.

LOYALTY AND NOTORIETY.**"ARTLESS AGGIE'S" ADVERTISING AGENCY.**

Our old friend, Miss Aggie Weston, the sailors' alleged friend, seems to have made quite a corner in loyalty. From a number of her recent circulars we learn that, when their Majesties started for India, "we were anxious to send the Queen a token of our loyalty and affection, with good wishes and prayers for a safe and successful journey for both the King and Queen. With our sailors, wives we sent a bouquet of carnations and white heather, with a suitable inscription, having first obtained Her Majesty's permission to place it upon the table in her own cabin. This was done by my Secretary, Lieut. Porch, R.N. Just before the Royal Yacht cast off her moorings, the Queen graciously wired a touching acknowledgment of the pleasure that the flowers and the kind message had given her."

We also find that Aggie is issuing subscription forms bearing a portrait of the King, and inviting people to fill in the blank in the sentence "In remembrance of our splendid Navy, and of its great services past and present, I willingly give 20s. Bricks towards the Extension at Miss Weston's Hall, Eastney, Portsmouth."

If we had an opportunity of auditing this lady's accounts we might be willing to endorse her appeals, but should still feel a distaste for the claptrap methods which she finds it necessary to employ in order to inflate her already bloated capital. No wonder that she has had to start an advertising agency of her own.

By-the-way, we notice on her printed envelope that she describes herself as "Miss Agnes Weston, LL.D." It would be interesting to know who conferred this degree upon her.

OBED SMITH AGAIN!**CANADIAN PAPER'S COMMENT ON EMIGRATION METHODS.**

Jack Canuck, of May 11th, contains the following paragraph:—

IMMIGRATION TRICKERY.

Ottawa, Ont., May 1.—"Yes, wages are high in Canada, but some one said 'so is living.' Here are present retail Canadian prices the housewife will appreciate: Mutton, shoulder, 4½d. a pound, mutton chops, 7d.; beef, 4d.; sardines, 2d. a tin."

The foregoing is an extract from an advertisement of Canada, as an attractive country for intending emigrants, which appeared in the *Standard of Empire* of Friday, April 19. At the foot of the ad. is the name of J. Obed Smith, Assistant Canadian Superintendent of Emigration in London.

The devil awaits the arrival of J. Obed.

We have received several requests from Canadian readers also asking us to contradict the statement referred to above. Most of them say things about the Assistant Superintendent at least as personal as, and usually in language of equal strength to, the comment of our Canadian contemporary.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

ARE FABIANS IMMORAL?

A TALK ABOUT MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

BY CANDIDE.

According to a certain standard, we ought to love our enemies. But human nature is not so perfect as to set up this standard for everyday behaviour. We cannot therefore be called immoral because we do not turn the other cheek. The conventions of Society allow us to fight our enemies, especially if they are only political enemies. We cannot all think alike, so we are not called immoral because we fight to propagate our political ideas. But our political warfare can easily become immoral if we infringe the generally accepted rules of the game. We act immorally if we hit below the belt or strike our enemy behind his back.

Thus we can divide political combatants into two classes. We have those who fight openly and squarely, and we have those who do the other thing. These latter call themselves Fabians.

SECRET SOCIALISTS.

The one object of the Fabian Society is to achieve its object—which is, of course, Socialism—without letting the man in the street know what is happening. Fabians do not like the street corner, they are too aristocratic for Tower Hill demonstrations. The orthodox Socialist goes to Hyde Park and there urges his comrades to worship the State. But the Fabian has no liking for such vulgar but honest proceedings. He lays his plans secretly. Their historical hero, Fabius Cunctator, earned undying fame by never attacking his enemy in the open, but defeating him by starvation, skirmish and all the other meaner methods of warfare. So the political Fabian gets into some responsible post without saying what he wants to do; once there, he pours forth his socialistic venom with all his force and the poor victim usually lives many years before finding him out. For instance, a Fabian gets elected as a Liberal or Progressive on to a Borough Council, and then works for Socialism for all he can. And nobody knows what is going on.

Now the arch-Fabian to-day is Mr. Sidney Webb. He is the captain of this secret band; he is master of these methods of war. Fabians are all omniscient and Mr. Webb most of all. Fabians are yearning for the day when they will elect him Chancellor of the Exchequer of Utopia.

"UNDER ANY OTHER NAME."

For years Mr. Webb has led this gang of opportunists and few have suspected. His victories for Socialism have been remarkable, but the public have not spotted them. Like a thief in the night, Mr. Webb and his accomplices have got themselves elected to the municipal and Poor Law councils; but they never said what they were going to work for. They called themselves Liberals, Radicals, Progressives, anything but avowed Socialists. But Socialists they were and for Socialism they have worked. Biographies of living Socialists seem to be fashionable just now. If only some one who knows would write about the public work of Mr. Webb!

For a long period Mr. Webb was a "Progressive" member of the L.C.C. He remained so until he had got all he wanted from his duped colleagues and then ran away. When he retired from Deptford he never assisted his "Progressive" successor to retain the seat. Mr. Webb left Deptford and Deptford left the Progressives. This was in 1910. Had Mr. Webb worked for the party which he had used to such advantage, his seat would no doubt have been held. But Mr. Webb took no part in the Deptford election. Had Deptford remained Progressive, the party would have had a majority at Spring Gardens, they would have elected

the Aldermen, and the whole history of London would have been different. Mr. Webb's desertion will long be remembered.

And during the eighteen years that Mr. Webb was a member of the L.C.C. he carried Fabian tactics to a fine art. I will give one instance only of how Fabianism works in practice. A few years ago there was a great commotion in educational circles because a well-known public school in London decided that in the future it would not admit any more scholars whose fees were paid by the L.C.C. Till then nobody knew that there was such a practice, but finally the truth came out that the L.C.C. paid the fees of great numbers of boys in many public schools and in addition gave them large sums of money with which to buy clothes and food so that these scholars could look like their schoolfellows. Here was a choice specimen of Socialism in practice. I do not propose to argue for or against this policy. My point here is that before the L.C.C. started any such scheme there should have been a full-dress debate and Londoners should have been told what was going on. But never a word was said. Behind this well-laid plot was Mr. Sidney Webb. For years Mr. Webb was the hardest working member at Spring Gardens and nobody realised where they were being pushed by their indefatigable colleague.

WILY WIRE-PULLERS.

Now in order to show that this view of Mr. Webb and his policy is not that of one single opponent, let me quote from a remarkable "character study" that recently appeared in the *Daily News and Leader*, the paper which of all others is in sympathy with Fabian tactics. The *Daily News* has always advocated as much Socialism as is compatible with financial success and party loyalty. In this striking article, "A. G. G." (who is editor of the paper) said: "It is this sleuth-like pursuit of their purposes that makes them (Mr. and Mrs. Webb) so powerful and so often distrusted. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are always 'managing' you. They sit behind the scenes touching buttons, pulling wires, making the figures on the stage dance to their rhythms." And again: "They do not march round the walls of the capitalist Jericho blowing a trumpet. They go to the gate like simple travellers, they talk to the citizens, ask questions—all this with the air of merely curious inquirers with a philosophic interest in the habits and customs of strange peoples."

I do not often agree with "A. G. G." but here I readily acclaim him as a Daniel come to judgment.

FOES TO LIBERTY.

One of the dearest objects of Mr. Webb and his fellows is to destroy all Liberty. To them, Liberty is hateful because free men do not consent to be placed and managed in accordance with their schemes. Let me quote "A. G. G." once more: "Mr. Webb talked with equal lucidity of the mysteries of local government and of the chaos of society and pictured that fascinating future when we shall have our dossier in the public archives, when we shall all be pigeon-holed, and when the State will by a bonus encourage me, who perchance am in the A1 class, to marry you, who are also in the A1 class, rather than the lady I love, who has the misfortune to be, let us say, in the D2 class."

This is sufficiently disgusting, especially as the sole gift which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have made to the future has been a library of somewhat dull and very partisan literature. But what riles me even more is that Mr. Webb never exposes the aim he has in view. Mr. Webb appears almost as ashamed of his views as I think he ought to be. But whatever peculiar doctrines he may propagate surely the fair method, the English method, the moral method would be to say at the start what the policy is. Fabian tactics are clever, successful and ingenious. But they are immoral.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

A "GET-RICH-QUICK" COLLEGE.

A NEW PROFESSION AND SOME OF ITS PROFESSORS.

Does anyone know anything about the Manchester Institute of Wireless Telegraphy, 15, Market Street, Manchester? They issue lurid leaflets and boastful booklets setting forth the advantages of becoming their pupils.

They state that the profession is not yet overcrowded, and that the first comers are likely to secure the pick of the positions.

They draw fanciful pictures about "the delightful life led" by Marconi operators, the opportunities for travel, the fact that they have free board and room in addition to their salaries, which they actually represent as being quite comfortable, though most of us know by this time that they are scarcely more generous than those of a second-rate clerk or a kitchen-maid.

"Here is a new profession holding out prospects of good pay, good social position, and great advancement to those who start in it when it is still young. Here is an opportunity for every boy leaving school or for any man who wants to get out of the rut."

And we find a typewritten slip pasted on to the cover of a booklet: "Compare this prospectus with other Colleges: you will see this is get rich quick."

Anyone who nibbles at the offer and omits to take it up is pestered with what are known as "follow-up letters." "We presume you did not write out of idle curiosity, and we believe you are fully aware of the advantages of learning this wonderful profession. Are you entirely satisfied with your present occupation? Do you go to the same monotonous duties day by day? Opportunity knocks at the door but once. This is your opportunity of getting in on the ground floor of a splendid profession. LEARN WIRELESS NOW: to-morrow may be too late," and so forth.

The fees vary between £15 and £36. We venture to ask what return students receive for this generous outlay. One of our correspondents writes that he paid fifteen guineas last November for a course, but, hearing unfavourable rumours, wrote and demanded the return of his money. He received £8 of it, but so far has been unable to obtain the balance.

This in itself is not proof of fraud, but we should have thought the reasonable alternatives would have been either to return the whole amount, or to say that, a bargain being a bargain, nothing would be refunded. So now we ask for information and content ourselves with observing that wireless telegraphy does not seem to us to offer a golden opportunity for ambitious young men in search of advancement.

PETTY CASH FOR CREDIT INFORMATION.

A PRECIOUS LOT FOR SIXPENCE!

We have received a circular letter sent by the "Institute W. Schimmelpfeng," of 137, Cheapside, to a Surrey schoolmaster. This concern, which carries on a credit index business, asked the schoolmaster—an absolute stranger—to enquire into the affairs of a local tradesman, and to supply the answers to twenty-seven questions—ranging over such a widespread area as the antecedents of the subject of the enquiry; the names of the directors, principal shareholders, nominal and paid-up capital, dividends, etc., of a limited company; description and rental value of premises; number of hands employed; approximate annual turnover; approximate value of stock carried; the means with which the business was established, and whether from parents; whether the latter are living, and whether the wife possesses means. And for all this elaborate detective work is offered the modest sum of sixpence!

The recipient of this unwelcome effusion was invited to express his willingness to gratify upon similar terms inquisitiveness regarding other people in his locality. Surely anybody who would consent to act such an arduous and mean part should receive at least a sovereign's worth of the small pieces of silver!

BANKERS' RETICENCE.

RE UNCLAIMED BALANCES.

As a rule we advise people to steer clear of advertisements inviting them to apply for fortunes left by persons who may be next-of-kin, but may also only happen to bear the same surname. Here, however, is a puzzling case.

On November 4th, 1906, an advertisement was published in the *News of the World*: "Wanted, the relatives of Mr. John Hall, a bricklayer, who left Seabrook and sailed from Hythe to Melbourne in the year 1837. Apply Lloyd's Unclaimed Money Office, Melbourne, Australia."

Now, Mr. Thomas Hall, of West Worthing, informs us that his uncle, John Hall, a builder, went out to Melbourne in 1837, and assisted in the foundation of that city, having a Government clerk placed at his disposal, as he was illiterate. No one heard of him between 1839 and 1863, by which time he was a builder in a very large way. He appears to have come to England in 1877, very wealthy and still single, but Mr. Hall has been unable to ascertain anything about his death or his will.

Naturally, the advertisement in the *News of the World* excited him, but five letters addressed to Lloyd's Unclaimed Money Office, Melbourne, elicited no reply. So he appealed to the Editor of the *News of the World*, who brought pressure to bear, and he was informed that the advertisement referred to an English estate, not to an Australian one.

He then communicated with the London Manager of the Australian Bank, at 4, Threadneedle Street, London, enquiring the last time Mr. John Hall had had business transactions with the Bank. The Manager replied that he was not in a position to give any information, and suggested that a Melbourne solicitor should be employed. As Mr. Thomas Hall is not in a position to go to any expense, it seems very difficult for him to obtain any information about possible legacies.

Is not this an object-lesson as to the necessity of compelling all banks to make returns of unclaimed balances?

ROYAL BOTANY.

DOES A FELLOWSHIP FEELING EVOKE WONDROUS KINDNESS?

We have received a little booklet, not unlike a Christmas card, from the Royal Botanic Society of London: Patron, His Most Gracious Majesty the King; Patronesses, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra; President, Colonel His Highness the Duke of Teck, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G.

It is, however, something of a shock to find that this well-patronised Society is touting like a greengrocer for the support of all sorts of people, who are quite unlikely to know anything about botany.

One of our readers, who does not know a swede from a mangel-wurzel, or a lupin from an aspidistra, has received a form of "nomination for a fellow," with the hint that on payment of three guineas he will be entitled to write the letters, F.R.B.S. after his name.

The Secretary of this Society expresses his hint in the following ambiguous language: "I have the pleasure to inform you that the New Regulation of the Council to elect a limited number of eligible candidates as Fellows of the Society without the payment of an entrance fee has met with so gratifying a response (nearly 500 joined in 1911) that it has been decided to extend the time to the first few months of the year 1912."

MORE RAPID REVIEWS.

Fatal Fingers.—Gripped us from the first.
Initials only.—O.K.
Passion Fruit.—Positively gave us the pip.
Invisible Sanctuary.—Could not see anything in it.
The Relentless Current.—Completely carried away by it.
The Kiss of Chance.—Glad it came our way.
The King's Kiss.—Not to our taste.
The Little Blue Devil.—An infectious book.
The Secret Book.—Can be safely given away.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 748.

EXCURSION STEAMER PERILS.

THE "BOARD" AGAIN WAITING FOR A CATASTROPHE.

Want of knowledge of the actual facts was lamentably displayed by the majority of the Members taking part in the recent discussion in the House upon the Rules of the Board of Trade for life-saving appliances at sea.

For instance, the present Rules were drawn up in 1895—not 1888; revised in 1894—not 1902, as stated by Major Archer Shee; and the Advisory Committee recommended in July, 1911, not that large vessels should be compelled to carry twenty-four boats under the davits, but that the number should remain at sixteen, with readily available for attachment to davits eight additional boats, possessing a total cubic capacity of 8,300 feet. But—and here the whole folly of the recommendation of the Advisory Committee comes in—if a vessel was fitted with watertight bulkheads and had "wireless," she was to be exempt from carrying additional boats. So that, instead of increasing the boat accommodation, the new proposals practically reduced it, on the ground of the reliability of watertight bulkheads, the efficiency of which has been proved to be an entire myth in the case of the *Titanic*. Also, though it was recommended that all passenger ships should be fitted with "wireless," no mention was made of the necessity for two or more operators.

The official defence of the Department was a pitiable exhibition of ignorance and incapacity, but just such as was to be expected from a President of the Board of Trade. He complacently takes credit to himself that he, and he alone, during the two years he had been President of the Board, had taken the matter in hand. He gives us no credit for having, in 1910, called official attention to the inadequacy of lifeboat accommodation on the *Olympic*. It was not until he received the serious warning we gave that he moved at all, and although we then told him "that if he allows the *Olympic* to go to sea with only her present number of boats, he will have a weighty responsibility to reckon with should disaster befall the ship," on his own confession it was not until what we foretold in December, 1910, happened in April, 1912, that he came to the conclusion that "obviously" all those Rules and Regulations must be radically reviewed and altered!

The President stated with satisfaction that he had received assurances from practically the whole shipping industry of the country that they would in future carry sufficient lifeboats, etc., for all on board. Is Mr. Buxton such a child that he for one moment imagines that after the lesson of the *Titanic* is forgotten, and the public will again go on vessels possessing insufficient boats, the ship-owners of their own free will will put on a single boat more than they are compelled to do by the law of the land?

The details he gave of the cross-Channel steamers were very good padding to back up a bad case. Only 607 times out of 2,687 passages had those steamers crossed with insufficient boat accommodation. But suppose on one of the 607 passages there had been a catastrophe to a vessel with 800 people on board and boat accommodation for about 200!

Then as regards the excursion steamers. Mr. Buxton has power at once to frame rules under the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894 (as admitted by himself), laying down the number and description of the boats and life-saving appliances to be carried by British ships, and all that has to be done is that these rules must be laid before Parliament for forty days before coming into operation—no legislation is required to make them effective. Yet he still persists in pursuing the policy of drift, and allows the pleasure steamers all round the coast to start their excursions this season, knowing full well that, although they are licensed by the Board of Trade to carry thousands of passengers, they are one and all totally unprovided with lifeboat accommodation for at least three-quarters of the persons they carry. And we solemnly repeat that, should an accident happen, the whole responsibility for the loss of life would rest, and rest only, on the shoulders of Mr. Buxton and the permanent officials of the Board of Trade.

Meantime, we are glad to observe that the seaside towns have paid attention to our remarks, and that already the Eastbourne, Brighton and Hastings local authorities are making representations to the Board on the matter.

BLACKPOOL'S BANE.

ALDERMANIC PREPONDERANCE IN LOCAL AFFAIRS.

By F. W. ELLIOT.

Your Open Letter to the Chief Constable of Blackpool interested me, and as the problem of Blackpool's welfare is an ever-present one with me, I do not fail to note a criticism of the town when it is in the least wide of the mark. I agree with your favourable attitude towards the new Chief Constable. I believe he should note the pick-pockets, and I believe he should be as easy as possible with those who try to earn an honest living in this very difficult town to live in most of the year; but when you talk of the J.P. shopkeepers, you are not at the heart of Blackpool's bane. The bane of Blackpool is that body which represents its perpetual board of directors—the aldermen, who are to a great extent anti-shopkeepers. They form the clique with gilt-edged securities in the town which has no "oneness" with either the shopkeeping interests or the company-house interests; *their* (the aldermen's) interests are chiefly associated with enterprises which depend upon the day tripper, and their eagerness to attract this class of visitor is so great that they are totally blind to the rapidly declining company-house keepers' chances to hold together a little of the one-time sure connection, which gave them a comfortable living, for although there are about 12,000 company-houses in the town, their financial security grows less with the aldermanic propaganda to encourage the day tripper with spending money every day. As the difficulty of running a company-house grows, so it is harder to maintain a decent shop, the successful being only a small number in comparison with those of Southport, with its comparatively few visitors, and its little better residential population. Again, Southport is close to Liverpool, one of the best shopping centres in all England, whilst Blackpool is 50 miles away from either Liverpool or Manchester. There is really a problem here for JOHN BULL to solve. The railways and the company-house keepers made Blackpool what it is. Then the aldermen saw big fortunes in attracting the day tripper, to the utter demoralisation of both the company-house keeper and the shopkeeper; for the aldermen put their money in the catering, entertaining, and public-bar enterprises, buying up the central property of a company-house order which must naturally suffer last. As you know, these aldermen are practically irremovable, for they each have their little coterie of councillors who dare not but re-elect them; therefore the town is really governed, not by J.P. tradesmen, but by aldermen. Now, JOHN BULL, in the interest of the long-suffering tradesmen and company-house keepers, give us a taste of your mettle, and of your ability to look a little deeper than the case of the one or two tradesmen J.P.'s who have no grievance with the pedlar "rock men." Of course, there are a great number of stallholders in the town, who chiefly depend upon the day tripper which the pedlars only really affect.

FITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have a soard that was in the battle of water lue and I been offered mony for it I dont want to sell before I know the value of it would you kindly let me know the Value of it?"

"In a Limited Liability Co. where every member is a shareholder, what *quantity* of liquor can the steward supply at any one time to a member for him to take off the club premises?"

"I shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly let me know the recipe for waterproofing a macintosh which is perished?"

"When was Mr. Bottomley admitted as a Lay Lawyer and what are the tests?"

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

"Can you Hit the Bulls-Eye?"—See page 746.

THE "SOOTHEEN" SYSTEM.

THE QUACKS AND THE GEESE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

In connection with the "Sootheen" treatment—the *nom de guerre* under which the quacks, Henry Stephen Slade, of Ashton-upon-Mersey, Accountant; Frances Susan Slade, Thomas James Seagrave, and Charles Samuel Slade, Mantle Manufacturers of Manchester, and Mrs. Sophia McElroy, of Higher Broughton, carried on business at 452, Stretford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester—we are reminded of the play, "The Soothing System," produced by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, in 1903. Adapted from one of Edgar Allan Poe's poems, it was, as would be expected, a wonderfully powerful story, though its very vividness mitigated against its success. It contained a masterly sketch of a superintendent of a private lunatic asylum, who oilily proclaimed that his establishment was conducted upon the principles of humanity—the real methods employed, however, being made clear by the fearful shrieks which followed his visits to his patients. Such awful realism, it was not surprising to find, was too much for the public, and the masterpiece had to be withdrawn before it had run for long. In somewhat the same way we seem to hear, after a comfortable assurance of these other quacks that by their wonderful concoction "the itching burning of eczema is at once relieved, the throbbing and gnawing pains of ulcers allayed," the belying groans of those off the scenes.

It is very significant that in the various "testimonials" which the concern publishes, the persons giving them—usually, by-the-by, merely identified with initials and names of towns—never speak of being "cured." As the poet puts it, they are "never blessed, always to be blessed." These effusions are invariably dated a month or six weeks before publication, and merely refer to the treatment as "doing good" or speak of it in some other inconclusive way. It is, unfortunately, a fairly common trick among unscrupulous patent nostrum boomsters—particularly the most pernicious of them—to administer to the sufferers some narcotic or opiate, giving only temporary and illusory relief from pain, and after the effects of it have worn off, the disease is again revealed in a state of fearful and irreparable development.

We observe that the public have apparently jibbed at sending sixpences for samples—at any rate, the "taster" is now offered free of charge. The refusal of the geese thus to lay the golden eggs, and their appraisal of the precious treatment as worth nothing, must have considerably astonished the quacks, who may, however, still be trusted to do their best to endeavour to get some feathers to line their own nests.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"Gardens are infinitely better than libraries."—
Mr. John Burns.]

List to the Sage of Battersea
Anent incessant reading;
Put flow'ry language on the shelf,
And set about some weeding.
Old bookworms, get your spades, and dig;
Take Johnny's well-meant hint.
Give up the thoughts of hours with Lamb,
And cultivate the mint.
The garden plot is healthier sure
Than grim, exciting pages;
The language lisped by honey'd flowers
Beats all the musty sages.
And romance hangs about the leaves,
Where Daisy meets Sweet William's eye.
And there are tears—and blushes, too,
And laughter as the breeze goes by.
There are no tales of giddy lords
A-flirting with the ballet;
But whispers of "Forget-me-not"
Reach Lily-of-the-Valley.
So cut the books, and read them not,
The latest down to Plato;
Their thrills are naught beside the glow
Of raising a tomato.

G. S. A.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXCVII.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

A TRAGEDY OF THE DOCK STRIKE.

We have received a visit from the wife of an East Ham man, who, until five years ago, was employed as an able seaman, having served fifteen years before the mast and leaving with a clean discharge. The reason for this change of employment was that he had married and his pay was insufficient for the support of his wife and the child which had just been born. He found, however, that the only work he was able to obtain—that of a casual labourer at the docks—was very precarious, and to get any at all he had to join the Union. A year ago, upon the occasion of the previous strike, his home had gradually to be sold to provide food. They have not been able to replace anything, or save even a few shillings, as the scanty work obtainable was barely sufficient to keep them above the hunger line. For weeks before the present labour trouble work had been very scarce, but now it has, of course, entirely ceased.

They have three young children, two very unhealthy and requiring constant hospital attention; while the woman is also in a bad state, suffering from a double rupture and other serious complaints. The youngest baby is constantly fretting, and cannot be taken out of its mother's arms. The Relieving Officer allows some beef-tea and milk, but what is really required is more food. The Vicar of the parish in which the family lived for five years, and who is aware of their position, having helped them, testifies to their good character, as does the landlord of the house. They are both teetotalers, and until her illness prevented her the wife did washing to supplement the scanty earnings. The husband is a very handy man, of good education, used to gardening, not at all rough, and could turn his hand to almost anything.

The woman, who called upon us without her husband's knowledge, is afraid that he may lose hope and that something dreadful may occur. Her great anxiety is that he should get work—though at only £1 a week—so that their minds may be set at rest, knowing that the home will be kept going, no matter on how humble a scale.

There is a small amount owing for rent, and we are sure that any financial assistance—or, what is even better, work for the man—would be worthily bestowed.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the "Human Documents" named:—

CXCI.—F. V. (Canada), 2 dollars.

CXCV.—J. T., 5s.; A. B., 5s.; "Polee," 2s. 6d.; "Pang-bourne," 20s.

CXCVI.—"Nugget," 2s. 6d.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist in this work. We defray all expenses of every kind, including the cost of special investigation.

LONDON.—Mr. J. H. Baston, The Devon Arms, Morning Lane, Hackney, 6d.; Mr. G. G. Nosworthy, Duke of Cambridge, Boundary Road, Walthamstow, 4d.; Messrs. Bassant and Lewis, 213, High Road, Kilburn, 6d.; Mr. A. Stribling, 33, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 10d.; Mrs. J. Egan, Black Lion, 273, High Road, Kilburn, 10d.; Mr. W. Hirst, 63, Abbey Road, N.W., 6d.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. E. R. Bailey, 288, Arkwright Street, 2d.; Mr. O. Prince, Greyhound, London Road, 1d.; Mr. Dan Dominic, Golden Fleeces, Mansfield Road, 3d.

LEICESTER.—Mr. P. Bedford, 153, Upper Kent Street, 1s. 4d.; Mr. W. Boulton, 236, Humberstone Road, 8d.; Miss M. A. Dudgeon, 40, Hinckley Road, 6d.; Mr. G. Green, Hotel Balmoral, Melton Road, 4d.; Mr. W. J. Bailey, Freemasons Arms, Burley Lane, 1d.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. Athorn, 71, Broad Street Park, 4d.; Mr. O. H. Fisher, Royal Exchange Hotel, Garden Street, 1d.

Total, 8s. 11½d., which we have allocated to CXCIH.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

WHAT HAPPENED AT MALTA.

SIDELIGHTS ON A MYSTERIOUS MEETING.

BY RICHARD MORTON.

The Grand Harbour of Malta looked very blue and very hot the other day. A dust-laden breeze, fiery and irritating, came across the Mediterranean from the sandy wastes of Africa, but it was still possible to feel comfortable if one was able to lounge about on the deck of some boat lying lazily on the untroubled water. Inland, in the town, the season was becoming very sultry.

Englishmen, marooned in Malta, sigh for an English country lane, a tree, a field, or anything green; you never see a blade of grass in Malta. It is an outpost of the Empire, and the sons of Britain condemned to sojourn there learn all about mosquito nets, and appreciate the virtues of plain soda-water, drunk from the bottle in the middle of the night when the air is of furnace heat, and throats are like limekilns.

On the water, in the harbour, you may enjoy life, and the other day,—the day mentioned in the first paragraph hereof—three gentlemen known to fame were making the best of things, and not doing badly, either.

The first gentleman, first in years and position, was the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Premier. Next was a tall, erect figure in civilian attire—Field-Marshal Viscount Kitchener, looking every inch a soldier. The other was the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, looking every inch a sailor.

They were on the deck of the Admiralty Yacht *Enchantress*, and their principal occupation was doing nothing. Another task they were engaged in was trying to make people believe they were doing nothing and that they intended to do nothing.

There was a whole crowd of callers near them and around them. In their kindness of heart they permitted journalists and even diplomatists to come aboard and ask them questions. They had nothing to conceal, and would willingly tell all to anybody who wanted to know anything.

Mr. Asquith could be heard saying, "My dear fellow, I wanted a holiday. Don't you think I had earned one? Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment and strikes have rather taken the go out of me. So, as everybody else was resting, I thought I would. Winston happened to offer me a cabin on his little yacht, and the idea of sea air appealed to me. So here I am. Simple, is it not?"

"Then," asked the other, "it is untrue to suggest that this meeting is of an international, political character?"

"Oh, my dear sir, totally so. Let me have a rest from all politics, I beg of you."

"But surely you will talk over the situation in the Mediterranean with Lord Kitchener? Else, why is he here?"

"Kitchener only dropped in by chance. Didn't know he was coming till we heard of it. And you won't catch me talking over 'situations' with anybody. Just a lemon squash, and JOHN BULL."

During the foregoing conversation, Mr. Churchill was allaying the doubts of some more enquirers.

"My visit," he said, "is just a usual visit of inspection. I intend to make it an annual visit, and shall come again next year—unless I hold another office by then!"

Lord Kitchener was just as explicit. "I'm here," he said, "not to see these chaps on board. Truth is, I've called to see Rundle, the Governor—about a pup he has to sell."

And so the day wore on, and wore out. At dinner on the yacht there was a large company, much ordinary talk, many stories, some gramophone, and no politics.

At an early hour everybody who was due ashore went ashore, and the people on board retired to their cabins. Had there been a spy about, he would have seen Asquith, Kitchener and Churchill retire each to his cabin, and would have heard each lock, bolt, and bar his door on the inside.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mr. Asquith, sitting in his cabin, saw first one man, and then another, climb through the porthole. They were Lord Kitchener and Mr. Churchill.

"First of all," said his lordship "I will close that porthole." He did so. "Now," he went on, "we can talk!"

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.]

BY MOORE ANKING.

IPURROO HOUSE,

BALLYFYNE.

DEAR AUNT MARGARET,—I quite forgot to thank you for the boots you very nearly bought me at Chrissmas. Sometimes I think I will, and then I don't do it.

No, aunt, I haven't given up reading and things like that. History's my mark—early history, the earlier the better. I been reading about one lady that changed her husband into a grass-hopper. Only fancy, aunt, anyone going for a pick-nick on the grass and having their husband hopping all over the sar-deens. I shouldn't like to think you did anything like that to uncle. If I thought you did I should bar the green grass fields for ever. With uncle on the hop I couldn't afford to take no risks, not after what mother told the woman next door when I was home on fur-low. It's all very well to have family affeckshun, but Part two of the In-surance Act don't cover everything, do it?

I don't think, auntie, you'd be one.

Who'd change a husband to a hopper;

Though if you'd been in-clined that way,

Well, uncle would have made a whopper.

But think of how you would have felt,

If, dream-ing things I here won't utter,

You toddled down the garden-path,

And passed poor uncle, on the flutter.

As at the mothers' summer treet

If asked to rise, the tea to stir up,

How could you, grace-fully, when p'raps

You might be sitting on his chir-rup?

So you see my meening, auntie. A thing may seem right and proper so to do, but when a person has to look a-head and say to themself, Ought I? Having regard to the vis-sage I carry about and the price of coals in winter, ought I to ex-change this large and wel-come creecher for something not the same? You not being a fairy, like the histery lady, auntie, the answer could only be No, certainly not. Most distinctly No.

You wouldn't bleeve how worried I get about your chest, aunt. Shouldn't wonder but what some of the joints have come unhooked. Once when I was somewhat mor-biffic, a gentleman where I lingered at the time said rubbing was the finest rem-medy, and then he said he'd reddily lend a hand. I bleeve he'd reddily have lent both hands, but not being sure of the effects I wished him Good Evening and went forth into the night.

About the boddiss you sent me, auntie—well, the fact is I've had to take it to clean the pram. Burst it first time of trying it on, and the ticket marked two-three! They don't de-serve your custom, aunt. I 'xpect the watered silk they dumped in the gussits got soaked too long under the tap. I s'pose what really happens is when you hoist your di-ver-ting feecheers inside a place of bisniss the people lose all con-trol of theirselves for a breef period, during which time the prices go up or else you get cheeted some other way.

One thing, auntie, I don't bleeve you could help sowing seeds of kindness, not if it was ever so. You might let me know what you'd like for a present, in ex-change for the boddiss. If I don't hear from you to the con-tray I shall very likely send you a back-comb. I know you got no hair to stick it through, auntie, but Mr. Bertram, a gentleman by whose teeching I greatly prof-fit, often says Love will find out the way. So if I send you the comb, aunt, I shall also and at the same time send you a small gim-let. The only trubble will be once you get it fixed you'll have to sleep in it, but if you re-pose side-ways it won't make any difference, you not having any body but yourself to please.

And now, auntie, time has come for me to say Adew once more, but not through lack of more ex-pressive lang-widge, aunt, I do assure you.

Your ever respectful niece,

JANE ANN.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 748.

A REAL BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT NEWSPAPER MEN.

The newspaper world has given many distinguished men to politics, and will give many more, because the newspaper man not only deals with affairs of government as part of his daily work, but he is brought into close contact with every branch of trade. The names of Lord Morley and Lord Milner come to mind among living statesmen who graduated in newspaper offices, together with that of the late Frederick Greenwood, to whose business sagacity the nation owes the purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

When considering the value of a great business work like the *Business Encyclopædia*, the opinions of men controlling vast newspaper organisations must, therefore, be significant, because they are in closer touch with the Government and the leading business firms than members of any other profession. One of the greatest and most influential newspaper organisations in this country is that controlled by the Directors of the *Daily News and Leader, Ltd.* Besides the *Daily News* and the *Star*, some of the directors have interests in other newspapers in the provinces. The success of this organisation has been built up solely upon pure business lines, and it relies for its continued success upon a maintenance of the system which has been evolved.

LIKE A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

In a sense, the organisation bears a strong resemblance to the political model, but exigencies of commerce have necessitated improvements upon the political system which may be commended to our politicians. As will be seen from the opinions of three of the Directors, the greatest stress is laid upon the importance of the business factor as an essential for success in any great organisation.

Mr. Ernest Parke, one of the Directors of the *Daily News and Leader*, is a distinguished journalist who is acknowledged universally as being among the most eminent men in the newspaper world. From the position of sub-editor on the *Midland Echo*, Birmingham, he proceeded to London to join the staff of the *Echo*. Later he helped to found the *Star*, rising to become the Managing Director of that paper and the *Morning Leader* until the organisation was merged into that of the *Daily News and Leader, Ltd.*, which Mr. Parke helps to control to-day. Both as a business man and as a journalist he stands in the front rank of the profession, and his opinion on the value of business knowledge will therefore point an obvious moral to the shrewd business men of to-day.

Mr. Parke writes:—"I think the new edition of your '*Business Encyclopædia*' is very clear, well edited and well arranged. The appendices bring it thoroughly up to date, and the information given—especially on legal points—should make it very useful in business offices, where a book of reference on such questions is nowadays essential."

His opinion is emphatically endorsed by Mr. Henry T. Cadbury, another Director of the *Daily News and Leader, Ltd.* Mr. Cadbury, the son of Mr. George Cadbury, the millionaire cocoa manufacturer, has displayed in newspaper management the same business acumen which has created the wonderful business at Bournville, and he brings to bear on this problem a wide experience of business which it is given to few to possess.

Mr. Cadbury says:—"I have looked through your '*Business Encyclopædia*' with a great deal of interest, and no doubt shall have many opportunities of referring to it again. It strikes me as a most useful work, containing a great deal of valuable information easy of reference and clearly put."

Here we have the opinions of two men at the head of a great organisation which extends throughout the United Kingdom and beyond it. They control an army of workers. They buy and sell brains as well as machinery and paper. They supervise a system of benefits for employees which

is essentially a growth of modern business science. There is, however, Mr. Simonis, a third Director of the same immense organisation, who is able to support their testimony whole-heartedly, while, in his own career, he has proved the soundness of their theories. For this reason, and because he is most intimately in touch with the leading commercial houses of the country, the opinion of Mr. Simonis demands careful attention. His meteoric ascent to the topmost pinnacle of the newspaper profession lends additional weight to his words.

Mr. H. Simonis says:—"The government of a great newspaper may be compared to the national system of government except that it is run entirely upon the lines of business efficiency. There is a Cabinet consisting of the Directors, there are the heads of the great departments who are responsible to that Cabinet, and there are the experts, clerks and so forth, just as in the Government. The chief difference between the newspaper system of government and the national system lies in the fact that every man is put to do the work he is best qualified for by ability and experience. Should a man show special qualifications for the Advertisement Department, he works for that department, not for the editorial which someone else is better suited for. We get the best men for the best positions, because as soon as they qualify themselves they can secure such work as they are specially qualified to do. I may add I think the '*Business Encyclopædia*' an admirable production. I use it continually for purposes of reference. The work is indispensable to all business men."

HOW THIS CONCERNS YOU.

If such successful business men as these find the "*Business Encyclopædia*" so valuable, what would it not mean to you in your work? Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, it can prove invaluable to you. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "*Business Encyclopædia*" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit-and-loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose-leaf and card-index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "*Business Encyclopædia*," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms by which you can obtain the complete work for a first payment of rs. 6d. only, paying the balance by small monthly payments.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "*Business Encyclopædia*." I am a reader of JOHN BULL.

Name
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address
.....

FAIRIES.

BY JIM CROW.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective, cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinion—or his life.]

When I was a small boy I used sometimes to sit in church and ponder over what the fool had said in his heart. But I always dispelled my precocious scepticism by reflecting that religion must be true because all grown-up people believed in it. I wanted to believe in fairies as well. They seemed such friendly, fantastic little people that I could not bear to relegate them to the field of fancy.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

You say there are no fairies,

I think you must be mad;

The garden simply teems with them.

Having no memory I cannot quote any more of this pretty poem, but perhaps some kind member of my congregation will oblige with the remainder. I will give him a prize. Verily he shall have his reward, even though it be only the assurance of my consideration. Now then, adopting the me hods of the Essenes—or was it the Mugglestonians?—I challenge all and sundry to prove there are no fairies.

FRAIL FAIRIES.

Of course, we all know there are fairies in the modern, malignant sense, the frail fairies of the footlights; the false fairies who steep themselves in scents and go out to supper; all the fairies who are anything but fair. If you have evil minds, you may have thought I was after them when you tore open this paper to devour these lines. But such beings are a mockery, a caricature of the real fairies of the child-like middle ages. I would call them bad fairies, except that bad fairies never existed.

FAITH AND FANCY.

I want to take you back to the days when men and women understood the true nature of fairies. It appears that, on the coming of Christ and His disciples, certain worldly people were indifferent enough to turn their backs and go on dancing. For this they were condemned to live till the Day of Judgment, and many of them were reduced to such a small size that they were scarcely visible to the naked eye. But many folk, particularly those who lived in close touch with nature, were still able to commune with them, to derive comfort and help from their ministrations. Just as children rejoice in their dolls, so did the childish peasants cherish the companionship of elves, brownies, pixies, leprechauns—all the merry, mischievous little people of the woods and mountains.

HIDDEN HELPERS.

An industrious woman would discover that the fairies had expedited her tasks. Solitude was no longer loneliness. A shepherdess would feel a tiny presence rustle against her skirt. When she stirred the live embers she would perceive an elves' dance among the sparks. She would hear friendly whispers amid the petals of a wild rose. Sometimes her small friend would pretend to leave her. Next moment there would be a gentle flutter on her lips, something like a butterfly's caress. The rascal had been hiding under a leaf, and now he was laughing at her. But she could not feel angry with anything so small, so impish in his pretty ways.

A GOSPEL OF GOODWILL.

Lessons of kindness, too, he taught her, as is shown by all the fairy-tales—real fairy-tales, I mean, not the clumsy ones invented by rude people who live in towns. The moral running through them all is full of gentleness; sympathy for the child with the wicked stepmother, for the little girl ill-treated by her sisters; compassion for animals, who, for all we know, may be good people transformed by bad magicians; tenderness even towards the flowers and trees, because they, too, perhaps, live and suffer in silence.

TENDER TALES.

There is also a world of sweet and subtle symbolism about fairy-tales. Take "The Beauty and the Beast,"

which teaches us that even the most hideous bodies may conceal princely souls. Or "The Sleeping Beauty," from which we learn that love may slumber for a very long time, and be awakened at last by the right kind of kiss from the right person. In fact, all the stories are emanations of daily lives in restless times. The very ogres are images of war and pestilence when these were almost everyday occurrences. How differently the modern world expresses its hopes and fears now that the atmosphere is sordid, the chief ambition to hurry and hustle, the one idea to do everything (even to make love) quickly!

It is one of my few remaining amusements in a passing mood of disgust and disappointment to play pranks upon my long-suffering readers. What went ye out for to read? A talk about trollops, a song of sin, a confession of concupiscence? And here I am preaching to you the gospel of fairyland, bringing you into touch with the harmonies of nature, revealing the gentle joys which your blind eyes cannot see. I feel almost like Bacon's Puck, who used to pinch maid-servants black and blue to wake them in the morning. But a kindly pinch, I hope, you will allow, as my pinches always are, if only you will pull yourselves together and try to understand. Fancy me pinching maid-servants! Bah! I pinch nothing less than diamonds.

THE ROBIN GOODFELLOW LEAGUE.

I am asking you seriously to believe in fairies, but only in the ancient sense which endows everything in nature with life and charm. I want a Robin Goodfellow League. But, like most missionaries, I am confronted with the task of undoing almost as much as I hope to build up. Following the example of all creators of creeds, I want to tie up your minds very tightly so as to exclude all possibility of disturbing influences. For instance, I have quite as long and severe an index expurgatorius as the Pope himself. Above all, you must read no modern fairy-tales.

FAKED FAIRY-TALES.

Part of them are written down to the nursery by grown-up people, who attempt the hopeless task of understanding children's minds. They are couched in the kind of idiotic language which the old impertinently attribute to the young, a kind of nursemaid's language full of "tootsie-wootsies" and "didums," which irritates without cajoling. Others make a frantic appeal to the manliness which they would like to impose upon creatures who have not yet had time to acquire it. Both forget that fairies and fairy-tales no longer appeal to the modern child, who much prefers teddy bears or imitation flying machines, is not childlike so much as childish, has lost the attractions of his puppyhood without acquiring the common-sense of a watchdog.

LESE F&E.

Perhaps the most dangerous fairy-tales are those which took their origin some 200 years ago, when writers devoted all their best energies to crushing credulity. These stories are full of ferocity, fights and dragons, elementary practical jokes, vulgarity and snobbery. They fawn upon princes and princesses; give long catalogues of their gaudy finery, their stocks of jewels, and the palaces which are only worthy of pork-packing millionaires. It is they who are responsible for the use of the word "fairy-tale" as a synonym for a terminological inexactitude. I do not altogether ban "Alice in Wonderland," because it is sheer nonsense and affords amusement, though it is many, many leagues away from fairyland. Kipling's "Jungle Book" may also be exonerated as harmless zoology. Hans Andersen, again, is no worse than footle, Grimm than boredom. Now the only comparatively modern writer of fairy-tales who passes muster at all is Mrs. Nesbit, but even she sacrifices the interests of her mission to tickling the tastes of schoolchildren.

The truth of fairies is proved by the impress they have made upon our language. When you talk of a fairy scene you suggest something too beautiful to belong to this troublesome world. To call a lady fairy-like is to imply all the delicate graces, all the beauty and charm of the beloved. It is a very different thing to call her a fairy. Fairy godmothers are taken as a type of generosity. Is it significant that no one ever heard of a fairy godfather? The only defect in all this ratiocination is fairy gold, which turns to ashes when you try to spend it. Yet there may be a moral in that. Gold is not given to us to spend, but to make our friends happy. Having no friends, I am safe in saying that.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

HOME MAKING ON A NEW PLAN.

How the Cosiest House, Villa or Flat may be furnished at the well-known London Emporium at practically cash prices without the need to pay the full cost at once.

A DISTINCTLY NOVEL PLAN WHICH WILL AT ONCE APPEAL TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE WHO IS RE-FURNISHING AND THOSE WHO ARE COMMENCING HOUSE.

It is a well-known fact to-day that there are many opportunities for those who desire to purchase furniture to obtain the same without paying the cost in full, but the wise man or woman who is furnishing a new home has wisely fought shy of these many opportunities because in most cases the system of payment is often exorbitant and oppressive and the quality of the article supplied far from the standard that those who desire a well-furnished, comfortable home have set.

It has, curiously enough, remained for a leading West End house of furnishers supplying to thousands of homes the most beautiful furniture produced at cash prices, to inaugurate a simple plan whereby those who desire to furnish or re-furnish their homes may do so without the need to indulge in any heavy outlay of cash.

It is certainly a novel idea to go through a recognised cash house to obtain furniture that may be paid for out of income, but Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, of 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., have made this idea not only possible but practical, and the plan whereby you may obtain furniture in single articles or in any quantity without need to pay the cash price in full, is so simple as to be described in one paragraph.

Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd., have all their immense stock priced at cash figures, and although you may desire to defer payments you are asked to choose the goods you desire at cash prices. Your only extra cost for deferring payment over any period you require is an additional 5 per cent. on the total cost of the goods. The method of repayment is simplicity itself, payment being arranged on an extremely low basis, your first payment being 2s. in the £.

A PLAN FOR LONDON AND COUNTRY READERS.

This plan is open alike to London and Provincial residents, and in this manner there is placed at the disposal of every man or woman a stock of furniture unrivalled for beauty of design and splendid workmanship in London.

A visit to the Wolfe and Hollander showrooms will convince you that every possible requirement you may have for the furnishing of a small flat or large mansion may here be satisfied.

Every possible design and many new and novel suggestions are placed before the visitor, but those who are unable to call have an equal opportunity of judging of the value of the Wolfe and Hollander stock, as the directors are prepared to present to every JOHN BULL reader a copy of their unique furniture album free of cost.

This furniture album is the most complete and exhaustive guide to home comfort and luxury that has ever been produced. It is full from cover to cover of most interesting illustrations, and so clearly is the cost of every article marked that anyone in a few moments may tell the total cost of any furnishing plan they may have in mind.

It must be remembered that the firm lay particular emphasis on the quality of the articles they supply. No piece of furniture is allowed to pass out of the house until it has undergone the most minute inspection and until the firm are quite convinced that it will be a distinctly valuable asset in any room in which it is placed and will prove of great value for the small price charged.

A FREE FURNITURE ALBUM.

No matter where you may live you may take advantage of the simple Wolfe and Hollander plan of payments out of income. You may call at the showrooms or write for the furniture album, select your goods, and within one or two days have your whole flat or house re-furnished. Special private motor lorries deliver the goods within a radius of 30 miles of London, whilst those who live further afield receive their goods delivered direct to their house under the supervision of one of the firm's furniture experts.

The added comfort, luxury and elegance that Wolfe and Hollander's furniture gives to the home, needs to be experienced to be thoroughly appreciated. A Wolfe and Hollander furnished flat or house is a house of refinement in which there is an air of distinction and, at the same time, perfect comfort. There is certainly no need to keep the home disfigured with dowdy furniture when you may select a new and comfortable home from the finest stock of furniture in London, paying for the same by small payments out of income.

Those who contemplate furnishing or re-furnishing should make it their first duty to call at the Wolfe and Hollander showrooms for a tour of inspection or send for the catalogue. In neither case will you be worried into purchasing by an over-zealous assistant or by letter. The directors have every confidence that the articles in their immense store have only to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated for their outstanding quality and their remarkably moderate prices.

The Wolfe and Hollander showrooms are situated at 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, a convenient spot for all residents in or visitors to London, but those who cannot call should send to that address for a copy of the unique furniture album, which will be sent gratis and post free to any address.

OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To the Lord Bishop of London.

MY LORD,—My attention has just been called to a report of a sermon preached by you at St. Martin's, Ludgate, in 1907, to the following effect: "The whole tone of men on the subject of morals must be changed; some considered that it was absolutely hopeless to try; but it was going to be done, they were going to change the whole tone of London and the men of London."

Brave words, my Lord, but when are you going to begin? I go about London a good deal, and I confess that I see very little advance in the moral tone of Londoners. I know you sometimes use exaggerated language.

Now I find you telling the good people of Cambridge that the cry of the people drowned on the *Titanic* has been ringing in your ears, and you felt an inspiration for life in their splendid example. I hope this does not mean that you intend to go down to the sea in a ship and trust entirely to the inadequate regulations of the Board of Trade or the precautions taken by a company which grudges glasses to the men in the crew's nest. You add so much to the gaiety of nations that we can ill afford to spare you.

Besides, if you could only divest yourself of some of your prejudices you might make yourself quite useful.

JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor, Hampstead.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I understand there has been for several years in Hampstead a Bonfire Club. It has a bonfire on the Heath every November, and in association with it a carnival, to which I imagine reasonable-minded people will have some difficulty in taking objection. Naturally it would not be a carnival without a great deal of high spirits, hilarity, and even boisterousness, but as far as I can make out it all comes under the category of innocent if somewhat noisy fun. As a result of the Bonfire Club's activities, a certain amount of money is collected every year and handed to charities, and in the ordinary way the directors of the institutions which benefit would naturally be grateful for the donations.

Your worship knows much more of local philanthropies and those who manage them than I do. I am therefore writing to ask whether you have heard that those who are responsible for carrying on the work of the Mount Vernon Hospital and the Hampstead Nursing Institution are addicted to some special or peculiar religion, because I find that they have refused to accept the cheques offered to them by the Club, though the Hampstead General Hospital, the Provident Dispensary and the local branch of the St. John's Ambulance Corps have been glad to take the money. Do the managers of the Mount Vernon Hospital and the Nursing Institute belong to the Peculiar People? It may be they are so rich that they do not need help, or perhaps they have an idea that the Bonfire money is somehow tainted, and not fit for nice, respectable, God-fearing stewards of a high Christian service to handle. I am quite in the dark as to the reasons for their action, so please let me have a line at an early date. With apologies for taking up your time on such a matter,

JOHN BULL.

To J. Bruce Ismay, Esq., Chairman, White Star Line.

SIR,—This letter is to direct your notice to a little matter which appears to have escaped your attention. (I shall say nothing further on the subject of my previous one until after you have given evidence at the Enquiry.)

Do you remember that you took with you on board the *Titanic* your secretary, Mr. Harrison, and that, being less fortunate than yourself in obtaining a seat in one of the boats, he is not amongst the survivors? Do you know that he has left a widow and several children, and that the distressed woman has been writing to the Liverpool Relief Fund Committee, and others, appealing for help, being in a penniless and distracted state? I am sure I need only call your attention to these facts, to ensure the poor creature some immediate and substantial relief from you.

And, by the way, what became of your valet, and have you any idea of the whereabouts of his widow?

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

MY DEAR NEIL,—I see that you have been the "guest of the evening" at the annual dinner of the Sylvan Debating Club. Naturally, you had to get on your legs after the food and fire off a speech. But what did you mean when you said that "the system of the private Member loyally supporting his leaders in great divisions is not a question of servitude or a desire to gain terrestrial guerdons, but it is the desire to support his Party, and is the only possible solution of Party Government?" The statement is not quite as clear as crystal. What is the "solution" of Party Government?

As for those "terrestrial guerdons," my dear Neil, you are not, I am sure, so innocent as to believe that the faithful Party hack, the man whom the Lord no more created to make laws than He created him to make pie, is wholly unexpectant of reward. You surely know that the hope of title, or other social recognition, or easy, lucrative job keeps at the service of Party many men who talk one way in the smoking-rooms and vote another in the Lobby—who fawn and flatter, cringe and serve because they believe that one good turn deserves another and mean to get it. If the House of Commons stood for a sane and sound representative system, a man who sought the suffrages of British electors would be as free in his vote as if he were a member of a jury, the House of Commons would be an assembly of national jurymen, and the Ministers of the day would present their measures in the spirit of a judicial Executive. All measures would be examined by Business committees, and Ministers would not dare to thrust them upon the people to increase their burdens or interfere with their reasonable liberties, merely because they were the shriek of a faction, the cry of a clique, or the threat of a cabal; and the nation and the House of Commons would assume the control of the Executive. Just talk it over with "Tommy Robartes," your inseparable chum—or you might even have a word with dad. He knows the game, up and down.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Pankhurst, care of His Majesty.

DEAR MADAM,—I am afraid you have not done yourself much good by your attitude during the recent proceedings. If you want to pose as the equal of man, you should assume an appearance of manliness.

Your one concern seems to have been for your own creature-comforts in prison. When you said that you would rather stay in gaol for seven years in the first division than for seven days in the second or third, you admitted that you considered it more important that you should fare sumptuously and live luxuriously than that you should be soon at large and able to continue your campaign. Why, again, should you have special privileges which you do not seem to claim for your followers? Is there a sort of aristocracy among Suffragettes? However, you will not be there long, and I hope that when you come out you will go away, with Christabel, for a good rest. Then Votes for Women, like Boats for Women, will soon be an accomplished fact.

JOHN BULL.

To T. Duncombe Mann, Esq., Secretary, Metropolitan Asylums Board.

DEAR SIR,—For many years now the management of the Board has been one of the glaring scandals of the Metropolis. Despite searching and detailed criticism of its policy, the managers seem to make not the smallest effort to stop their extravagance. I remember that some two or three years ago I called attention to the fact that it was spending at the rate of £29,000 a year for the one patient then in a smallpox hospital, and the Minutes reveal the astounding fact that the Southwark Shelters, the Joyce Green Hospital and the Long Reach Hospital have but one smallpox patient between them, for whose benefit a regiment of one hundred and forty officials of one sort or another are retained at the expense of the ratepayers.

Will you be good enough to report to me how they while the happy hours away? Further, have the goodness to inform me whether the patient is thoroughly enjoying himself, and whether he has any complaints to make as to his food or drink.

JOHN BULL.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

ANOTHER "LOCKOUT."

(At the recent Dock Strike Inquiry the leaders of the men wisely insisted that lawyers should be barred from appearing.)



A (VERY) JUDICIAL PROCEEDING.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

BY VERAX.

The settlement has gone off much better than had been anticipated, although there were known to be certain minor difficulties. What may further happen in *Marconis* I would not undertake to say, but the directors' report should be in the hands of the shareholders at the end of this week. The *Royal Dutch* dividend reduction from 28 to 19 per cent. proved quite a bombshell in the Oil Market, and his *Shell Transports* more especially. It would appear, however, that this is a measure of precaution against possible *Standard Oil* competition in the Dutch East Indies, in connection with which the *Royal Dutch* directors wish to keep a strong financial position. There is a distinct revival in *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians*, and apparently there is a considerable Bear account in *Goldfields Rhodesian Development*, which are now settling. Tin shares seem to be waiting for rain in Nigeria. My warning to leave American Rails alone has again been justified by sharp breaks which have occurred.

INDICATIONS OF A KAFFIR AND RHODESIAN REVIVAL.

The position on the Rand itself is undoubtedly better. The labour outlook is steadily improving, and various useful reforms have been initiated on the mines. Better late than never, the market now gives indications of a revival, and if only the big houses give consistent support the public will not be slow to take the hint, as prices are undoubtedly now at a very low level. The pace has been set by the Far Eastern division, but it should not be a difficult task to induce the movement to spread to the other sections of the market.

As regards *Rhodesians*, all the indications point to the disputes between certain interests coming to an end. The market is brightening up, under the influence of encouraging labour developments. The presence here of Mr. Piper, the consulting engineer to the *Goldfields Rhodesian Development* group, should lead to interesting developments, while a Bear squeeze in *Goldfields Rhodesian* shares in connection with the special settlement is within the bounds of possibility. The present appears to be a good time to average holdings.

Diamond Mines were mostly firm, and *Diamond Proprietary* have been a strong market at 7s. 6d.

OIL MARKET IRREGULAR, BUT SHAKING ITSELF FREE FROM OTHER WEAK MARKETS—SPECIAL MAIKOP NEWS—THE TRINIDAD OILFIELD.

It has become a fashion of late for certain organs of the Press, which are evidently not well-informed, to run down the Maikop field again. As a matter of fact, I learn that the moderate reduction in the output of the *Maikop Victory* and *Black Sea Oilfields* is quite temporary, and owing to special difficulties which have also prevented the new wells of both these Companies getting into production. I hear, however, that two new wells of the *Maikop Victory*, and three of the *Black Sea Oilfields*, will commence producing this week, and then the very important increase in the output will take place which has for some time been foreshadowed. *Maikop Victory* and *Black Sea Oilfields Prefs.* are, therefore, a good purchase. They are both now quoted ex dividend. In the Egyptian group a rise in *Eastern Petroleum* was a feature. *Shell Transports* and *Ural Caspian* have been subjected to heavy sales, on a disappointing *Royal Dutch* dividend, but it goes without saying that sooner or later strong support will be given again to these shares, and more particularly should a change come about in the oil market during the present week. There is good news from the Trinidad Oilfield, and especially from the *Trinidad United*.

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL TIN STILL WRAPPED IN MYSTERY—OTHER SHARES PARTLY RALLYING.

Very little news has been vouchsafed from Nigeria of late, and the *Anglo-Continental* position is as mysterious as ever. At one time the market was very flat at about 2½, and it will probably not be much better until some official information is vouchsafed. There has been an improvement in *Naraguta*, and *Juga* are firmer, while *Keffi* experienced a sharp rally. The last-named, together with *Toro*, are distinctly promising, and should improve the moment the Nigerian market generally is getting more active. *Benue* are at present out of favour, the price appearing too high as compared with other shares. *Bauchi* were at one time stronger, but reacted again, and *Jemaa* showed weakness, but this was no doubt owing to the special settlement being fixed for June 5th. The market for Tin shares is bound to rally again.

NOTES.

HOULDER LINE.

From the report we gather that, although for the last two years reorganisation of the capital has been promised in the chairman's statements at the meetings, no such reorganisation is to take place. Houlder Brothers and Co., the managers, who own the larger portion of the shares, are to continue to milk the Houlder Line—although they propose to disgorge 2½ per cent. on the gross earnings. Houlder Brothers pay 7½ per cent., and have large genuine reserves, whilst the Houlder Line, the shares of which are publicly held, has not declared a dividend for nine years.

The result of the total trading of the company for 1911 is a net profit of £2,154 4s. 3d., no depreciation or reserve being put aside, and the company is now in debt to the extent of £7,446 8s. 7d., while no dividend, either cumulative or preference, can be paid until £325,165 depreciation is made up; so that until £332,631 is in hand the shareholders cannot receive a farthing dividend. Besides this huge debit, there is eight years' arrears of preference dividend to be found, amounting to £91,000. Until, therefore, the huge deficit of £423,611 has been made up, the ordinary shareholders cannot expect anything. What prospect have they of obtaining any return on their capital whilst Houlder Brothers are taking 2½ per cent. on the gross earnings, 2½ per cent. on the insurance and 1 per cent. on the collection of claims, as well as high rates of brokerage on meat contracts, presumably fixed by their branch offices, as well as commissions on coal contracts, etc.?

In the report there are several matters which require explanation. What saving to the company will the giving up of 2½ per cent. on the gross earnings effect? The balance sheet should show the real present value of the remainder of the fleet; why does it not indicate the loss on the three steamers sold? What, if anything, does the Houlder Line get for going out of the Australian trade? What does the Line get for giving up the trading between New York and Australia? Why is 1911 saddled with 1912 transactions?

EAST INDIAN TEA AND PRODUCE COMPANY.

The fourth annual report is melancholy reading. No dividend is to be paid, the whole of the net profit for the year 1911, together with a portion of the small balance carried forward from the previous year, has been swallowed up by debenture and other interest, and the amount carried forward is under a thousand pounds. The crops of tea were 137,369 lbs. short of the amount estimated, due, the directors state, to excessive drought and shortage of labour. Notwithstanding this result, the directors forecast that the yield during the present year will be nearly 200,000 lbs. more than their estimate for 1911—in other words, 326,569 lbs. more than the actual yield for last year. At the meeting to be held on Thursday of this week a resolution will be submitted increasing the capital to £300,000 by the creation of 100,000 new shares of £1 each, which presumably will shortly be offered for subscription. One of the objects of this increase of capital is to pay off the existing loan of £31,000. A reference to the profit and loss account shows that to produce tea, coffee, pepper, etc., to the value of £37,534 19s. 8d., cost £32,206 5s. 5d., and that, as stated above, the whole of the profit has been absorbed in debenture and other interest and administrative expenses. Altogether, we regard the position as most unsatisfactory.

J. LYONS & Co.

Congratulations to the directors upon another wonderful year. If the shareholders are not satisfied with 60 per cent. dividend they will be harder to please than the much-maligned moneylender. But is it quite wise to make so large a distribution in view of the fickleness of the public taste?

BRITISH BURMAH PETROLEUM.

Many enquiries have reached us in regard to the shares of this Company, and we have done our best to elicit trustworthy information as to their prospects. As at present advised, however, we are not in a position to recommend a purchase pending the adjustment of some very serious difficulties with the original vendors.

GALICIAN OIL LANDS AND ROYALTIES TRUST.

This is an issue of an unconventional character providing for the spreading of payments over a long period, during which development work is to be actively proceeded with. The fact that the technical adviser is M. Paul Legrand is certainly a "bull point," and if the directors act up to the terms of the prospectus it is difficult to find any serious fault with the scheme.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 745.

NEW ISSUES.

CITY OF VILNA FIVE PER CENT. GOLD BONDS.

Anyone applying for these bonds must be very hard up for an investment. Vilna is a tin-pot Russian town whose City Budget for the last year showed a total revenue from all sources of about £150,000, whilst the expenditure swallowed it all up except £900, and there is already an outstanding loan of £130,000. We are not impressed with the valuation of the City's property amounting to a little over a million and a quarter. Who was the valuer?

SOUTH AMERICAN STORES.

This is a sound issue of £750,000 5½ per cent. first mortgage debentures at 97½ and 400,000 preference shares of £1 at par, and having regard to the phenomenal prosperity of Argentina, the security offered and the standing of the issuing house, we are not surprised to hear that the issue was quickly subscribed.

MERCHISTON RUBBER ESTATE.

This appears to be a respectable little Rubber Company, the whole of the purchase price being payable in shares and the vendor personally applying for 5,000 of the shares now being issued for working capital, the whole of the issue, minus the preliminary expenses, estimated at £1,500, being available for this purpose.

THE SCOTTISH AND DOMINIONS TRUST.

The fact that the directors propose "to make Canada the chief field of the Company's business" should be sufficient to keep every intelligent investor off this issue. There is nothing in the prospectus to warrant the anticipation of success.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY.

This is an issue of £4,000,000 of 4½ per cent. mortgage bonds, of which £1,750,000 are generously reserved for English investors, £250,000 for Amsterdam, and the balance of £2,000,000 for America, the issuing house being Messrs. Kidder. We consider the rate of interest altogether inadequate, whilst the orthodox statement from the "President of the Company" leaves us in the dark as to many vital particulars.

AMERICAN WATERWORKS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY.

An issue, under very respectable auspices, of £2,000,000 six per cent. preference shares—not too high a rate having regard to the nature of the business and the sphere of the company's operations—Pennsylvania, U.S.A. We should prefer a good five per cent. at home.

A. W. WILLS AND SON.

A respectable little Birmingham issue, best left to local people.

BRITISH AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY.

This is an "offer for sale" of 700,000 cumulative 5 per cent. preference shares of £1 each at a premium of 1s. 6d. In other words, some people are desirous of unloading their holdings on the British public—whilst the profits are still large and the dividends big. There are no less than eighteen directors, of whom four are deputy chairmen, and it would be interesting to know something about their fees. Who are the owners of the shares now being offered for sale, and why are they selling?

BRAZIL RAILWAY COMPANY.

This Company is making an issue of 50,000 new 6 per cent. cumulative non-participating preferred shares of £20 each and 20,000 common shares of £20. The proceeds of the latter issue are to be first applied in completion of some domestic arrangements with the holders of 6 per cent. non-cumulative participating preferred shares—and we advise investors to leave the issue severely alone.

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAYS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Here are £1,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, part of an authorised issue of £4,500,000—subject to increase to £6,000,000—and you may get them at 95 per cent. You may further pay up all at once under discount of 4 per cent., and you get a coupon for six months' interest at once—a coupon, remember, not the actual cash. And unless you are very quick off the mark in your application, you may be too late, for the bonds are to be issued "simultaneously" in Brussels. There can be no question of any trouble hereafter, for the company holds "concessions from the Governments of Guatemala and Salvador"—two of the most stable and enlightened states in the world! In our view, the issue price should be ten per cent. at the outside.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

Letters containing enquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Enquiry.

PORTO RICO RAILWAY.—H. J. (Hertford).—We are quite aware that Porto Rico is not in Canada, but this happens to be a Canadian Company all the same.

MARCONIS.—F. W. (Dublin).—Most people are now agreed that Marconis have been rushed up far too high, and the future course of the shares must largely depend upon the market position, as well as upon the nature of the forthcoming report. Watch the market, and sell when you can do so with as little loss as possible.

OIL SHARES.—TINY TIM.—We think it is a case of must as regards holding these shares, for which there is no market. The only information available is that drilling is in progress, and you must, therefore, wait with what patience you can for results.

SMALL INVESTMENTS.—J. M.—You cannot, of course, expect absolute safety in any but gilt-edged securities. Home Rails are decidedly preferable to Americans, and any of the following would answer your purpose: Great Northern Deferred, Midland Deferred, and South-Western Deferred. We do not think you could purchase these stocks direct from the Companies, and you will find it more satisfactory in the long run to deal with a stockbroker.

SAO VICENTE MINES.—X. R. E. K.—We do not advise investment in this concern, which is so obscure that it does not even appear in the usual books of reference. Another fatal objection, to our mind, is the absence of a market in the bonds, so that you would not be able to sell should the occasion arise.

CHAMING CROSS BANK.—M. A. P. (Eltham).—The liquidators have already explained the item you mention.

ENGINEERING CONCERN.—CASTOR (Enfield).—On the face of it, this should be a respectable concern, but in your case it is the question of the balance sheet and former earnings. We think what you should do is to write in the first case to one of the leading information bureaux, and ask for their opinion.

MINES; INSURANCE.—GYM (1) It might be worth while to hold these mining shares for a fresh improvement. (2) No particular reason for selling these insurance shares at present.

SMALL BANK.—HOUGHTON.—For a small deposit account, this should be all right.

FOREIGN TRUST INVESTMENT. TREBEN.—We do not like the firm who are offering these shares.

WINDING UP AFFAIRS.—URGENT.—We should think, if the funds are available, the claim will be accepted.

OUTSIDE BROKER.—CENTREX.—This is an outside broker, whose system we do not like. You had better deal with a member of the Stock Exchange.

LAPSE OF CERTIFICATES.—C. R. (Kentish Town).—You ought never to have gone into this concern, as these certificates are hedged round by conditions which make them quite illusory, but it is a pity that you have allowed the certificate to lapse over two years, so that legally your claim seems to be wiped out. You should consult a solicitor.

AMALGAMATED PROPS. OF RHODESIA.—WHITE ROSE.—Hold for a rise but do not average.

KENT COLLIERIES PRETS.—T. L.—The prospects are undoubtedly extremely favourable.

PETROLEUM OPTIONS.—W. C.—At present prices we regard this as a promising speculation.

Galician Oil Lands and Royalties.—R. O. S.—A very fair gamble. CONSOLS; LOCAL LOANS.—LOCALITY.—(1) We are not very hopeful, especially as so many new competing loans are ahead. (2) It seems a forlorn hope to expect the Government to do something tangible towards restoring the national credit.

EASTBOURNE AND DISTRICT MOTOR CAR CO., 1909, LTD.—UNLUCKY.—No market on Stock Exchange; cannot advise as to sale; try a local broker. STAFFORDSHIRE CINEMATOGRAPH CO.—INDIGNANT SHAREHOLDER.—We have looked through your papers, which are returned, but do not see how we can help you—the assets are not sufficient to cover the debentures.

INSURANCE.

We are now making special enquiries into the systems and policies of the various Insurance offices, pending the completion of which a large number of replies stand over. We are desirous of giving something more than the conventional colourless advice usually tendered to newspaper readers.

CITY LIFE.—E. N. S. (Wales).—The Company is not liable for the return of premiums paid and its business is progressive and prosperous. The last valuation showed a considerable surplus after all liabilities had been met.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—PENSION.—We cannot advise you to apply for membership in this concern. We return the papers and should advise you to effect your insurance with one of the well-known and soundly established life offices.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. G. (Merton).—You cannot legally insure anyone without his consent, therefore your policy is illegal. P. D. (Northampton). VIGILANCE (Ladbroke Grove). G. O. D. (Govan). H. R. (Smethwick). J. W. W. (Swanage). J. W. R. (Dinaby Main). H. J. V. (Grassenhall).—The policy is illegal and the premiums recoverable. A. S. (Forfar).—If you paid in all the money you collected, demand the return of your deposit, and, if they will not pay you, sue through the County Court. Let us know how you get on. LARY A.U.L.—Write direct to the head office and ask what they will give you as a free policy. On your letter give the number of your policy and the agent's name. M. W. (Maidstone).—You cannot compel the Company to return the money, and you must keep the free policies until the death of the person assured.

ANCIENT ORDER OF SHEPHERDS.—O. T. CARRICK.—We are surprised to find that the management should refuse to meet the claim on the ground that the correct age was not given at the time the assurance was effected; the society would be entitled to readjust the amount to an extent justified by the disparity of the two years to which you refer. Communicate with the Secretary and let us know what he says.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.—H. T. U. (Brentford).—The Company under the conditions of its policy with your father is not bound to renew it by accepting the premium for another year. In view of the long period, however, over which the insurance has extended, approaching as you say 50 years, it does seem hard the protection should now be refused on the ground, as we understand it, of advanced age and slight physical debility. We have returned the policies under cover.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

THE PASTOR TO HIS FLOCK.

CHARITY.

BY NORMAN TIPTAFT.

[Mr. Tiptaft—whose articles in this journal, written from the Socialist standpoint, have attracted wide-spread attention—is now satirising the relations between the Church and the People.]

MY DEAR MAN IN THE STREET.—It has been represented to me by certain pious persons that you are not as frequent in your attendance at Church or Little Bethel as you ought to be. There are rumours to the effect that you prefer to read the Sunday papers, or go for a walk, or week-end in the country, or do quite a lot of things that you ought to leave undone, and leave undone another lot of things you ought to get done—wherefore, my dear Man in the Street, your position is one of great danger. You may go to Hell when you die, or what is worse, you may raise hell while you are alive—as, in fact, quite a lot of you have been doing lately, and, according to various reports, are likely to do again in the near future.

That such an undesirable state of affairs may be avoided, I shall endeavour during the next few weeks to try and instil into your somewhat obtuse and stupid mind a few of the lessons that you ought already to have acquired from your pastors and masters. If, therefore, you will apply yourself to-day to learn wisdom by the absorption of such moral lessons and truthful tales as I shall discourse with you, your past negligence shall, to some extent, be forgiven. If not—then you are an even more idiotic, bat-eared, fat-headed person than I thought you were—and goodness knows I thought you were bad enough.

The subject on which I wish to base our meditation to-day is Charity. You have probably become acquainted with charity through the saying that it covers a multitude of sins. In accordance with that universally accepted truth, you have often given a beggar twopence after cheating your fellow man out of a hundred pounds in a business deal.

That of course is quite a right and proper spirit; it shows that to some extent at all events you have copied the high morality and beautiful example of your betters. By your betters I mean those who are better off. Certain irreverent persons suggest that they would be better off—off the earth. That, however, is by the way. I merely introduce it to show what objectionable ideas are prevalent among some of you.

To resume. You have noticed, I hope, how this beautiful virtue of charity has been practised by the rich. It would be invidious for me to mention names, and I certainly do not propose to do so, but you must have heard how one great and good man among us amassed millions in a steel trust, how he smashed his unfortunate rivals, how he screwed down his workers, how by the aid of vast capital he established a big monopoly for exploiting the public, and how now, in the peaceful evening of his days, he is giving away free libraries.

THE MUNIFICENT MILLIONAIRE.

Think of another—a modern saint who made money in oil. His enterprise and ingenuity have been the cause of untold numbers of people—especially children—being burnt to death. Like his fellow philanthropist he has also smashed everybody else in his particular line of business and damned the souls and blighted the bodies of thousands. He, too, has given largely of his wealth. No good cause appeals to him in vain—especially anything connected with religion. For years he has conducted a Bible class, where he has taught young men to be charitable, after first becoming millionaires. I don't know how much he has given to send missionaries to Timbuctoo, the Cannibal Islands, the North Pole, and pretty well everywhere else except his own particular oil patch. Yet even there, such is the nobility of his character, he has been unable to stay his hand, and a mighty church flourishes for the benefit of the people's souls—and his own profit. Sardonic scribes have described his donations as the biggest fire insurance ever paid—so are the charitable maligned by an unfeeling world.

Charity, my dear people, charity—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. True, he that gives has first

taken the wherewithal to give from somebody else—what of it? Shall it be counted to him as less than righteousness because of that? Nay, verily.

It is of course painful to reflect that despite the beautiful examples I have quoted, and many more equally illustrious, certain teachers and preachers have arisen of late who say that charity is a curse. If, by repeating a few of their arguments, I am enabled to show you their hollowness, my time will not have been spent in vain.

Thus and thus say these heretics, these schismatics. If you give a man charity you destroy his self-respect and you do not touch by one iota the cause of his want. Give a starving man 6d. to-day—he only wants another 6d. to-morrow since he must live. If he has obtained the 6d. easily to-day by your charity, it is but an inducement for him to obtain another 6d. to-morrow in the same way. Daily he becomes more accustomed to the process, until in time the honest workman has become transformed into the habitual beggar. Nor (say these dangerous demagogues) is it good to give charity out of the proceeds of a robbery—it is better not to rob. The capitalist who exploits his workpeople, who grinds them down till they become even as the beasts of the field, and have left in them neither hope nor desire, and then endows a hospital or an asylum to deal with the effects of his crime, can no more expiate it by charity than he can recall yesterday when it is past. The thing done is done for all time. The souls and bodies degraded are degraded for ever. The murder that he has committed can never be wiped out. No charity can restore the broken bodies, the worn-out brains, the shattered nerves of those whom he has harnessed to the chariot wheels of his car, that up the steep hill of life they may drag him in comfort, while themselves are crushed and trampled by the way.

"Charity," say these agitators, "is a curse, a blind, a deceit, a fraud, a humbug that perpetuates the foul iniquities of our present social system." Keep your charity for yourselves, keep it for your sons and your daughters, your wives and your sweethearts—keep it for your own people, but by the God who made us both give us, our wives and our little ones justice.

THE EXCUSE OF THE RICH.

So argue these false teachers. Did you ever, my friends, hear a more pernicious doctrine. Abandon charity, give justice! Impossible. What is to become of the rich—they will be wiped out. What is to become of the poor—they will be wiped out as well. What is to become of our present society—it also will be wiped out. D—n it all—I beg your pardon, if in the heat of the moment I made use of an unseemly expression I unreservedly withdraw; but think of it—there'll be absolutely nothing or nobody left at all. Nothing, that is, that's anything; nor nobody, that's anybody. We should all be at a dead level; why, it's the negation of everything—the end of all things. I ask you, shall such a thing be? Justice in England! It is unthinkable. No, my dear man in the street, you may stay at home on Sundays and read the paper. You may even play golf or possibly, on a wet day, bridge, but I refuse to think you would countenance the banishment of that charity which provides the rich with an excuse for living and induces the poor to go on keeping them.

I regret that time (and space) forbids me to say much about that other form of charity—the charity of ideas. It is a dangerous thing. There is growing up a certain free and easy tolerance among you. It is much to be deplored. You no longer think (unfortunately) that the man who does not believe exactly the same as you have been taught to believe is of necessity—eternally and irrevocably—damned. Such charity of ideas is of the Evil One. There is only one right idea—only one form of truth. That right idea and that form of truth is the personal and peculiar possession of the governing classes, the superior persons and the orthodox religionists. In an age that has such a tendency to loose thinking, that is commencing to believe a collier of more value than a royalty owner, a child of greater worth than a pet dog, I entreat you to remember that.

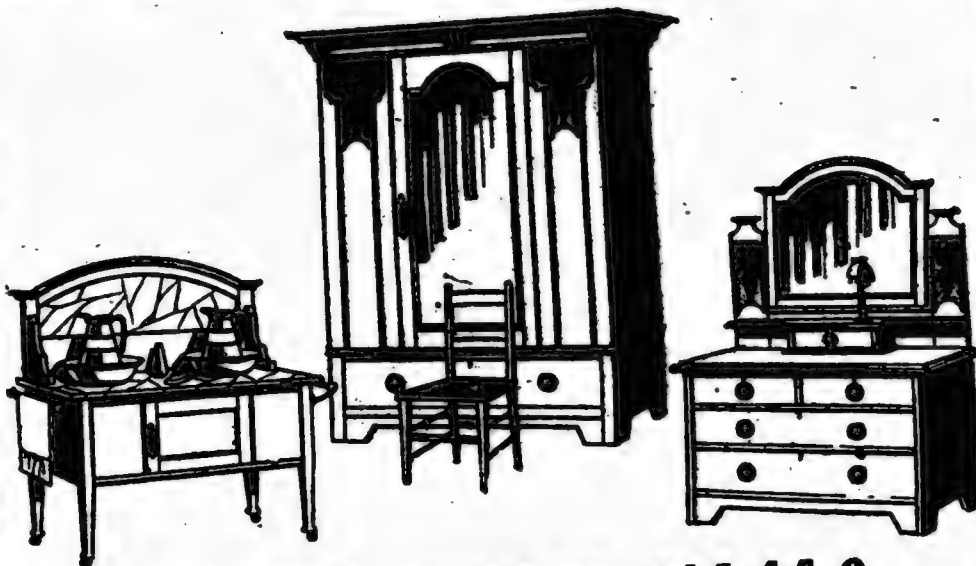
Remembering it, you may go steadily on giving pennies to beggars and recouping yourselves by swindling your fellow man. So shall your days be long in the land and the system that you maintain shall flourish even as the cedars of Lebanon.

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE.

We are holding a Special Sale of Furniture. This means that you can save at least a third on the values of anything you purchase. Anticipate your needs and benefit by our special offerings. Particularly special are the manufacturers' stocks of Bedroom, Drawing and Dining-room suites which we have purchased. These have been secured at a ridiculously low figure owing to the trade depression from which everyone has suffered during the past six months. We now offer them to you at prices less than the manufacturers originally asked.

We want you to visit our Store, and to make this possible we will pay your railway fare to town on all orders of £30 and upwards. Please pay us a visit. You will buy. You cannot help it.

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MORMON MORALS.

PANIC CAUSED BY OUR REVELATIONS.

Our recent article on the Mormon activity in the North of England has lighted, according to Colonel Challoner, a spark which in turn has produced a blaze. After its appearance a town's meeting was held in Sunderland, in the largest hall in the borough. All the Churches were represented, and the Mayor took the chair. In his opening remarks he outlined the purpose of the gathering and said he dissociated himself from religious sects, but in this case the matter was one which affected the morals of the young people of the town. Every speaker emphasised the point that they were not there to interfere with the religious liberty of anyone, but when they found a system which under the guise of religion encouraged the lowest instincts of men, it was time for the public to protest. Articles which had been published by the elders of the Mormon Church were read, encouraging polygamy on the strength of quotations from the Scriptures. Similar publications said that Jesus Christ Himself had wives. In one work it was asserted that polygamy was a divine institution, and that its prohibition was absurd. Quotations were read from a White Book of the United States, which stated that a descendant of Joseph Smith admitted that he had five wives after the passing of the Act prohibiting polygamy in Utah. The same man was found guilty in the District Court of Salt Lake City of unlawful cohabitation and was fined £300. From the same book it was shown that Mormon elders had admitted that a girl might be taken from England on the understanding that she was to be married to a Mormon, and find when she got to Salt Lake City that he had two wives already. Joseph Smith, the present President of the Mormon Church, had five wives and 43 children, most of whom were born since the manifesto of 1890, when polygamy was supposed to be abandoned. A speaker mentioned specific cases of young women who had been ruined by the Mormons. He knew several girls who had gone to America. One wrote to him after six months to say that she found the elder to whom she was supposed to have been married had already two wives. He also produced letters from Englishmen in Salt Lake City saying they had at first gone out believing that Mormonism was a genuine religion, but had found out it was a fraud. Colonel Challoner, who first brought the matter of the Mormon propaganda amongst schoolgirls to the notice of the Watch Committee and the Education authorities, predicted that though the Mormons in Sunderland had had a hot time, if they did not remove to some other place they'd have a hotter one still. At Hirst, near Blyth-by-Sea, where the Mormons are endeavouring to establish their headquarters, riotous scenes have taken place. On a recent Wednesday the inhabitants held a monster protest meeting. Three elders who were in the crowd were invited upon the platform, but declined. One of them made a scathing remark and the crowd at once got out of hand; stones were thrown, and even lynching was threatened. But the Vicar of the Parish most pluckily forced his way to the front, and besought the infuriated miners to desist, at the same time advising the Mormons to get away quickly. One of the Mormons is alleged to have hissed the rev. gentleman. The crowd chased them to the station, where they had to be protected. Under the escort of the Vicar two were allowed to return to their lodgings. The other had to stay locked in the waiting-room till the clergyman returned and pleaded with the crowd, which ultimately dispersed, leaving the prisoner to creep home in the early hours of the morning. Since this, the district has been left alone by these gentry.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE—AND OTHERWISE.

I do not want to commit myself without notice.—MR. MASTERMAN, in the House of Commons.

No Government official takes any responsibility.—JUDGE PARRY, at Lambeth County Court.

Nothing is more notable than that very good people often do very wicked things.—LORD HUGH CECIL, in the House of Commons.

THE "MAJOR" ON THE SITUATION.

HOW TO STOP THE STRIKE.

Take it from me, England's goin' to the—aw—puppy dawgs, what? Look at these strike fellahs, holdin' up the trade of the country with—aw—impunity, while their scoundrelly leaders are allowed to go free and positively—aw—dictate to the Government. It's a disgrace to the flag, sir! What the fellahs want is discipline, sir; discipline. What? They've no respect for authority, no consideration for the comfort and convenience of the—aw—uppah classes. Only the other day, sir, there wasn't a pineapple to be got in Covent Garden, sir! Fact, sir. And I was givin' a little dinnah that evenin', sir. It's a damnable thing, sir. Those fellahs ought to be placed under martial law, sir, and treated like traitors to the country, sir; what? I'd shoot 'em down, sir. Like dogs, sir. I'd let 'em lie and welter in their gore, sir. But the age is too dooced humanitarian, doncherknow, for rigorous meashahs. Democracy's got the uppah hand, and decent people have to suffah. What? This absurd free education's at the bottom of it. Why should the lower classes be taught to read and write, sir? It unsettles 'em, sir—makes 'em think, and all that sort of thing, doncherknow. It's the curse of the country, sir. It gives these fellahs ideahs about their rights, instead of teaching 'em their dooty. It makes 'em rude, sir; makes 'em impudent to their bettahs. It's abominable, sir. Why, only the othah day my man engaged a new chauffah to drive my bally motah—75 horse powah, y'know. Well, the fellah omitted to touch his hat to me when I went round to the garage. Yes, sir; positively omitted to touch his hat. What?

"Heah," I said, "do you know who I am?" "You're the guv'nor, I s'pose," he replied, as cool as you please, sir. "Then how dare you," I said, "how dare you omit to touch your hat?" "There's a rule against touchin' 'ats in our Union," he replied. Yes, sir; the fellah positively had the damned impertinence to tell me there was a rule against touchin' hats in his Union. "You're an impudent fellah," I said, "and a damned scoundrel; and your beastly Union ought to be prosecuted for incitin' to riot and disobedience. Get out of my grounds, or I'll have your licence endorsed!" Yes, sir; I gave it him hot, sir. What? And then the fellah had the infernal effrontery to demand a week's wages! If evah he appeals before me on the Bench I'll—I'll send him to hard labah, sir—whether he's guilty or not, sir!

That's the spirit that pervades the country to-day, sir—disrespect for their bettahs and rank insubordination. And it's encouraged by the low-class Government that we're sufferin' from, sir—drawn from the dregs of society, sir. My people came over with the Conquerah, sir, and it's positively painful to me, sir, to see the country goin' to the—aw—puppy dawgs through these scoundrelly workin' classes. There's only one way to save the country, sir: abolish the Council Schools, and establish a military dictatorship. That would bring these fellahs to heel and restore some of England's ancient glory. And when any of these damned agitatahs commenced to talk about the Rights of Labah, I'd shoot 'em down, sir. Like dawgs, sir. That's my opinion, sir—Meejor Snob, of the old 99th of the Line, at your service, sir.

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Both are supplied in a remarkable book, entitled "Silent Salesmanship." Further, our readers may just now obtain copies of this book gratis. All that is necessary is to mention JOHN BULL.

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[Being Conversations in a West-End Barber's Shop.
Overheard by our Reporter.]

MR. JOHN BORASTON.

Next gentleman, please! . . . Good afternoon, sir. . . .
'Air cuttin'? . . . Yessir. . . . We 'ad a lovely Witsun—
so fur as the weather went; but it wasn't much of an
'oliday fur some people on account of the strikes, sir. . . .
Strange 'ow the country seems to get more disturbed
hevery year, sir. . . . I orfen wonders 'ow it's agoin' to
end. . . . Don't you believe it, sir. . . . Labour's got
the upper 'and at larst, and although I ain't a Socialist,
not by any means, I can't say as I'm altogether sorry.
. . . . Wot's brought it about? . . . Well, free eddication,
to begin with, I should say, sir. . . . If you teaches the
people to read an' think, you mustn't be surprised w'en
they *do* begin to think for theirselves, and begin to arsk
for some of the comforts an' things wot didn't seem to be
of much value to 'em afore. . . . Other causes? . . . Of
course there's other causes; and in my 'umble opinion,
Party politics is one of 'em. . . . Hever since the workin'
man got the vote 'e's bin a sorter pawn fur the dif'rent
Parties to play with. The Radicals 'ave used 'im to 'elp
them keep in office an' draw their fat screws, and then
the Tories 'ave used 'em to turn out the Rads and put
them in in their place. . . . But the workin' man is
gettin' tired o' bein' the pawn; 'e wants to 'ave a 'and
in the game now; and as fur as I can see 'e's agoin' to
get it. . . . 'E'll get more from the Tories than 'e's got
from the Rads? . . . Don't you believe it, sir. . . . It's
heasy to say that w'en they're out of office. But wait
till they gets in again. . . . Will that be short enough
in the neck, sir? . . . I see the Tory Party's makin'
desprit efforts to put their 'ouse in order, so ter speak.
. . . . Got a noo Chief Agent—Mr. John Boraston, 'is
name is . . . a solicitor by trade, o' course. . . . Rummy
thing to me they can't find someone better than a lawyer
fur the job. . . . They're the ruin o' politics. . . . The
House of Commons fair stinks with 'em, if you'll excuse
the expression, sir—a lot of self-seekin' 'umbugs!

But about this 'ere Boraston, the noo Chief Agent, wot
good's 'e agoin' to do? . . . Reorganise? . . . Yes, yes;
I knows all about that. . . . Wot's the good of a Party
bein' reorganised if it ain't got no perticler principles?
Wot's the good of the Conservatives an' the Liberal
Unionists fusin' into one another if they ain't got no
principles? . . . Tariff Reform? . . . Yessir, there may
be somethink in it. . . . More work and 'igher wages fur
the workin' man? . . . Yes, that's all right as fur as it
goes. . . . But the workin' man wants more than that
to-day. 'E wants a hinterest in the product of 'is labour—
and I don't blame 'im. . . . There's on'y one thing that'll
save the Tory Party now, to my way o' thinkin'. . . .
Wot's that? . . . Why, let 'em take the part o' the
workin' man. . . . Let all the Tory capitalists and em-
ployers of labour go in fur the co-partnership and profit-
sharin' idea. . . . That'd take the wind out of the sails of
the Rads, 'oo keep their 'old on the Labour vote by pro-
misin' them somethink fur nothink, or ninepence fur
fourpence—w'ich is the same thing. . . . It'd take the
puff out of the Socialists, too, I fancies. . . . But wot's
this Boraston chap agoin' to do fur 'is party? . . . Orga-
nise—that's all. . . . But 'e can organise till 'e's black
in the face—it won't do no good. . . . A noo set o' prin-
ciples—not a noo Chief Agent—is the on'y thing to save
the Tory Party. . . .

Thank you; good day, sir.

NOTICE TO BARBERS AND HAIRDRESSERS.

The originals of the sketches illustrating these articles are
being mounted and framed, and we shall be pleased to present
one to any Barber or Hairdresser, for exhibition in his saloon,
on receipt of application.

JOHN BULL'S SUMMER ANNUAL

PRICE 1s. Net.

Ready Ju'y 1—All Bookstalls and Newsagents.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 748.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory
—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity
of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will
be many years before his relatives will have to con-
sider seriously our suggestion.]

Thys
Monumental
Pyle of stones
Was ereckted
Bye hys admyringe friends and followers
Toe ye memorie
Of
Frederick William Petbick Lawrence, M.A.,
Ye famous martyr
Toe ye cause of Women's Suffrage.
Born
Anno Domini 1871,
Hee disclosed atte a verie earlie age
Two remarkable charackerifticks,
Toe Wit:
An intense love of learnynge
And
An extraordinarie fear of and respekt for
Ye female sex.
Hee was obedient toe ye lyghtest word
Of hys mother and hys nurse,
Indeed,
Soe angelickall was hys difpoficion
Towards women and gyrles
Thatte itt was feared
Hee was marked out for an earlie deathe.
Howbeit,
Hee survyved ye coisetynge
Thatte naturallie fell toe hys share
And in due course was sente
Toe Eton and Cambridge.
Atte ye Univerfitee
Hee greatlie distinguished hymfelfe,
And subsequeentlie made a voyage rounde ye worlde.
Upon hys returne,
Hee,
In an evil hour,
Became a barrister,
Therebye renderynge hys subsequeente ackcions
Inexcusable.
Aboute thys tyme
Hee developed certayne faddes and fanatickal opinions;
Opposynge ye South Africkan War,
And becomynge a stronge supporter of
Ye Female Franchyse.
Toe make matters worfe,
Hee,
Anno Domini 1901,
Married a determynd suffragette
And ye same yeare bought ye moribunde newspaper called
Ye Echo.
Whenne ye latter fayled
Itt merelie cost hym difappoyntemente and a summe of
monie
And was done wyth.
Butte in ye case of hys wyfe
Hee hadde made a bargayne notte soe easilie gotte ridde of.
Wyth ye docilitie thatte hadde charackterized hys infancie,
He permitted her toe lead hym bye ye nose
Intoe all sortes of suffragift extravagancies,
And ultimatelie
Intoe ye clutches of ye Law,
For, notwythstandynge hys legal knowledge,
Hee was induced tos engage wyth others in a criminal
conspiracie
For whych hee was tryed and sentenced to
Nine Months' imprisonmente,
Whyche was followed bye hys deathe.

Thus women's wyles, itt once agayne appeares,
Makes weak ye stronge and bringeth men too teares!
Beware, ye bachelors! nor wedd a she
Who wants ye vote—she'll make a foole of thee.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament

—of me—

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, fifth Earl of Rosebery, of Epsom (during the races), in the county of Surrey, dilettante politician.

I HEREBY revoke all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Royal Agricultural Society the plough with which I ploughed my celebrated "lonely furrow."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Mr. George Cadbury, of Northfield, in the county of Worcester, cocoa manufacturer and consumer, all my copies of Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*, hoping that he may find the same useful when supervising the racing columns of the *Daily News and Leader*.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH further unto the said George Cadbury all that mansion and messuage, with its appurtenances, known as "The Durdans," Epsom, in the county of Surrey, trusting he will find it, as I did, a convenient place of residence when attending the Epsom Spring and Summer Meetings.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Reverend William Henry Fitchett, of Melbourne, Australia, who, judging from the books and articles he has recently published, seems to think he knows something about Napoleon, a copy of my great work on the famous Corsican, *The Last Phase*, and all the books and papers I possess relating to his life. Holding as he does merely a Doctor's degree of Toronto University (I cannot but smile as I write), he, the said William Henry Fitchett, should find the aforesaid documents of great use to him in the laudable endeavour to improve his ignorance.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto David Lloyd George, of Cricketh, in the county of Carnarvon, attorney, the three acres of land which I own in Suffolk, so that he may experience in his own person the annoyance, irritation, and generally deleterious effects of his nonsensical Land Taxes.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, of London, soldier, journalist, politician, and what-not, on account of the ancient friendship that existed between myself and his father, one guinea to buy a new hat, stipulating only that it shall be of a better fit and rather more fashionable style than the extraordinary headgear he is accustomed to wear.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto my son the Hon. Neil Primrose, of Great Stanhope Street, in the City of Westminster, One Shilling only, as a mark of my displeasure on account of his having comforted himself in the House of Commons during the time he has represented Wisbech like an ordinary common or garden Party hack, instead of exhibiting the independence that characterised my own political career.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE the sum of £10,000 (ten thousand pounds) for the foundation and endowment of a Society for the Burning of Superfluous Books and the Extinguishing of Carnegie Libraries (cemeteries of dead books), the said Society to be established and organised in accordance with the instructions contained in the document attached to this my Will.

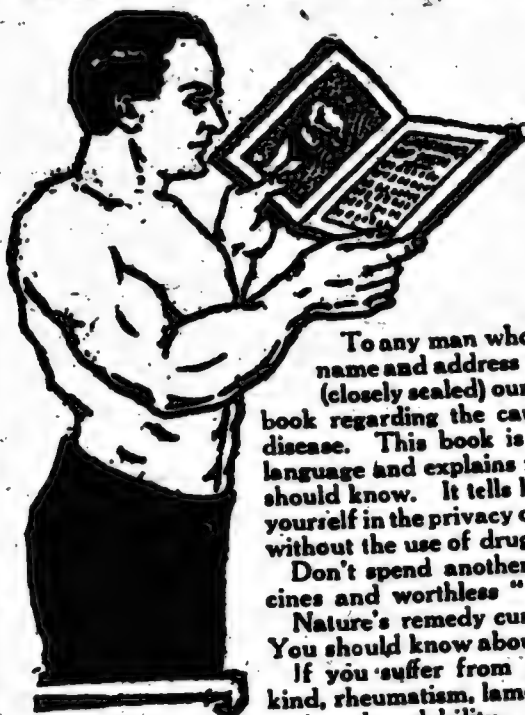
(Here follow private bequests.)

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

(See page iii. of cover.)

OLD AND YOUNG MEN!

READ THIS FREE BOOK.



To any man who will send us his name and address we will send free (closely sealed) our finely illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of disease. This book is written in plain language and explains many secrets you should know. It tells how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without the use of drugs.

Don't spend another penny on medicines and worthless "so-called" cures. Nature's remedy cures to stay cured. You should know about it.

If you suffer from weakness of any kind, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago, varicocoe, debility, drains, loss of power, or stomach, kidney, liver or bowel trouble; you should not fail to get this book.

Don't wait another day, another hour.

Write us at once and post your letter. We'll send the book without delay, absolutely free. Call if you can for a free test.

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Zam-Buk

The WONDERFUL
HERBAL BALM.

SOOTHES PAIN.
ALLAYS INFLAMMATION.
Prevents a Wound
taking "Bad Ways."



DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"AUTUMN MANŒUVRES."

Henry Hamilton has never wavered from the established principles of his dramatic faith. He has never adopted the fatal Laodicean policy of blowing hot and cold. Always earnest, incisive, patriotic, and at moments, even in plays with music, poetical, Mr. Hamilton's work invariably teems with humanity and glows with stirring effect. "Autumn Manœuvres" at the Adelphi is a most picturesque and delightful entertainment, the first act in Ambermere Park is perhaps the best of the three, and the realistic finale of it, with the Territorials camping in the grounds, the bugle calls, and the men dropping to sleep with the sounding of "Lights Out," far and away above the average of ordinary musical comedy. It is a clever production all round, but of course with such a bevy of artists to back up the show, as Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Edward Sass, Mr. Lionel Mackinder, and Miss Gracie Leigh, what can you expect but the best of the best? Unfortunately Mr. Robert Evett was suddenly taken ill the day I visited the Adelphi, so his understudy was forced into the fray at a moment's notice, without having had the time to learn any of the music, and bravely the young fellow, whoever he was, came through the nervous ordeal. The extreme luxury of the stage adornments are themes for unstinted praise on all sides. Mr. George Edwardes, as usual, has selected the fairest of the fair for the lady guests of Ambermere, and to Mr. J. A. E. Malone must be given his full share of grateful recognition—as he is programmed as "stage producer." "Autumn Manœuvres" will happily illuminate the Strand playhouse for a long while to come.

A HINT FOR DRURY LANE'S MANAGER.

"Everywoman" is being talked about! "Everywoman" is being advertised and trumpeted with notoriety, but as yet "Everywoman" has not been acted in this country, and will not be seen before September, at Drury Lane Theatre. It is a daring experiment which Mr. Arthur Collins is attempting in his enormous theatre, and one that will be of vast interest to many. Mr. Walter Browne, the author of this strange "morality play," wrote in his day many a quaint little drama for German Reed and his brilliant list of comrades, which included Corney Grain. It was only after the Reeds retired from St. George's Hall, Langham Place, that Mr. Browne became a member of the D'Oyly Carte Operatic Company. "Everywoman" is a comparatively tiny cast for Old Drury, but Mr. Collins will have all his work cut out to find exactly the right people to fill the allegorical characters. Remembering the extraordinary performance given by H. V. Esmond in Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly" at the St. James's, I am "making so bold" as to suggest this fantastic actor for the part of "Nobody," who is a kind of "Puck" or "Conscience" in the story. For "Everywoman" I think Miss Maxine Elliott would be my choice, and a better selection than Miss Kate Rorke for "Truth" could not be found. For "Beauty" Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, for "Youth" Miss Peggy Primrose, the charming and dainty young lady who is creating such a sensation in the music-hall world just now, and who has but recently recruited from the ranks of Mr. George Edwardes' troupe. For "Modesty" Mr. Collins has Miss Winter "ready made" in his theatre. The remainder of the people to engage should be quite an easy matter, but it must be remembered that they must one and all know how to speak, for Mr. Browne's remarkable play is in blank verse, and that of no mere pantomime order. There is a subtle meaning in every line.

Nothing is used in the manufacture of the Nugget polishes that can in any way injure the leather. Although of the highest, the "Nugget" preparations are really very cheap, being so economical in use. They will now be found even more economical, as in view of the increase in production the proprietors have been able to purchase the large quantities of raw material used to better advantage. Of this profitable trading the public will have the benefit, as the box of "Nugget" will be found to show a considerable increase in size, while the price remains the same.

A Land Steward's Daughter



Indigestion, Giddiness, Sickness—

It is her cheering, inspiring effect on others, the sunny, fresh charm and attraction of her delightful wit and healthful activity which make Miss Watson's friends realise the remarkable benefit she derived from Phosferine. Miss Watson herself speaks feelingly of the time when pleasures, interests, high spirits, were all swallowed up in the miseries of acute indigestion, which had made her system so feeble that no treatment relieved her sufferings until Phosferine was tried. Almost at once Phosferine enabled the nerves to regain control of the bodily functions, and the rising surge of new vitality very speedily swept away all traces of indigestion, giddiness and sickness. To Miss Watson her own complete release from the blight of nervous disorders is positive proof others may, like herself, derive energy from Phosferine to look, feel and work at their best.

Very Simply Remedied

Miss Alice Watson, The Lodge, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, writes:—"I was a prey to Chronic Dyspepsia for three months; the agony and discomfort I endured during that time is indescribable. Although I dieted myself very carefully, the little food I ate caused me acute pain, and often threw me into a fever heat, with flushings and sometimes perspiration. In the early mornings I suffered from vomiting and giddiness, and before the day had scarcely started felt utterly worn out and absolutely fit for nothing. I tried almost every remedy—had doctor's treatment for six weeks—but obtained no benefit. A friend advised me to take a course of Phosferine, and by the time I had finished a 2s. 9d. phial I felt much better, the sickness stopped, and I could enjoy my food. I followed this with a second bottle and now I look and feel quite strong and well again thanks to your tonic. I consider Phosferine an indispensable remedy, and shall never fail to have it by me."—February 22nd, 1912.

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
BRAIN-FAG
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INDIGESTION

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR
MATERNITY WEAKNESS
NERVOUS HEADACHES
PREMATURE DECAY
INFLUENZA
ANÆMIA
NEURITIS

HYSTERIA
SLEEPLESSNESS
EXHAUSTION
MALARIA
NERVOUSNESS

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic.



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands to

The Royal Family
H.M. The Emperor of Russia
H.M. The Dowager Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.
The 2/6 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.



... Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

... Now put the CLEMAK side by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razor—and costs you 16/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?

The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades. The CLEMAK avoids all this.



The Clemak Stropping Machine, price 3/6.

(including a fine horse-hide strop), compels you to strop at the correct angle and pressure. Ensures a keen blade for every shave.

"A man hath to provide himself with two things, a good wife, and a good razor, and it is more difficult to find the latter than the former."

SOUTHEY.

... The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life. ... Buy one to-day.

... The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 8s. 6d., and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

COMBINATION CASE, 12 Blades, Stropping Machine, and Strop. 10/6
OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c., CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 211, Strand, London.



CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.

AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

The EDITOR cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

A. C. S. (Cornwall) suggests a third House of Parliament, consisting of one dozen business men "to discuss all Bills and propose alterations for improvement, in time for the second reading." But why not have them in the House of Commons itself?

"A LIFTMAN" (North Brixton) takes up the cudgels, as in duty bound, on behalf of the tubes. He says the trainmen have a certain time allowed to perform each journey, and cannot afford to lose half a minute at any station for passengers who will not hurry, when politely requested. We confess we never heard any politely requested. As to the slackness of liftmen, he says they have both the top and lower stations to serve equally, and if passengers grumble at being kept waiting a short time at the bottom, there are also the people at the top to be considered. Yes, but there are not enough liftmen, and one or two lifts only can often be seen at work, three or four others not being used at all. Incivility, he says, is caused by passengers asking questions of an employe on subjects of which he is totally ignorant—but these subjects seem to be unnecessarily numerous.

A CORRESPONDENT at Copenhagen tells us that it was the fault of the Harburg police that the King of Denmark was taken to the mortuary. The Superintendent seems to have tried to hush up the affair, but is likely to get into trouble. We do not know why our correspondent assumes that we should not understand Danish. Someone in our office reads every known language—with the possible exception of Swahili.

"FOLLOWER" (Edinburgh) thinks we ought not to refer to Scots, Irish and Welsh, as we sometimes do in our "famous paper," "for are we not all one under the old Union Jack?" That sounds sensible unionism, but we refuse to believe that any of the nations mentioned mind a bit of chaff.

"AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT" at Slough, writes: "Are men to be touchered to death that causes doctors Mysteries by the Cinematograph sposed to help Police if so what the law for?" We do not know, but we imagine the answer is in the negative.

A. S. H. H. sends a joke about Sir C. Duff-Gordon and Nelson, asking if it is original. It is certainly stupid.

A. J. T. (Tufnell Park) denies that the directors of the Birkbeck Bank have prospered since the failure. He says that one has died, and another become bankrupt. Neither of these accidents, however, is incompatible with happiness.

"AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT" complains of the mismanagement at the Military Tournament, where all the best seats are empty and the cheap ones insufficient. He says that people are admitted without being told that the space is exhausted. Then they have to pay more money or content themselves with "a smell of the stables only." We agree that this seems very reprehensible.

H. M. (Barnsbury) thinks it strange that, according to an officer of the *Titanic*, the sea was the smoothest he had ever seen, yet Lady Duff-Gordon lay helplessly sea-sick in the lifeboat. Perhaps it will turn out that she was suffering from some other kind of sickness.

H. A. H. (Shepherd's Bush) actually wants to know what the Chiltern Hundreds are. They may best be described as an honorary office of profit under the Crown, whereby any Member giving up his seat in Parliament is afforded the consolation of reflecting that he has merited the confidence of his Sovereign.

J. W. (Renfrew) is one of those rare beings, an unsportsmanlike Scotsman. He knows people who have sent in better "Bull's Eyes" than those of the prize winners. In other words, they are the best judges of their own cleverness. If he had studied our horoscope more carefully he would have seen that our star is by no means in the descendant.

H. K. (Folkestone) suggests that politicians should go on strike, and that members of different Parties should refuse to work together. But there is so little to choose between the various Parties that it would be rather difficult to distinguish a blackleg.

H. C. (Cork) says there is "no decent weekly paper for the young man and woman between ten and twenty years of age." So he wants us to provide something for the bull pupa. We think, however, that they can derive no harm from the pages of JOHN and Mrs. Bull. At this rate we shall have old women clamouring for their own organ.

A. S. (East Barnet) says that seven children were born there last year out of wedlock and two couples are living in disgrace. He asks, "What do you propose to do about this dreadful state of affairs?" What is the population of East Barnet?

M. C. (Chester) is an old friend who writes: "We call you Dear because you have been so good to the Poor. I cannot tell you how much sorrow and simphy we hold in regard to your farewell message, but at the same time we must not forget what our lord said to his lonely ones—'I will not leave you comfortless.' God tries us all for his own Purpose so that you may be standing in the way of someone Else, or bringine someone Else to the front that God wants." We are greatly touched by this kind letter, but we hesitate to believe that Providence is reduced to employing Party politicians as His instruments.

"A CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT" tells us that he is getting on fairly well, and saved £12 last year by working very hard as a labourer, and denying himself all comforts. He recommends Kingston rather than Ontario. He admits that there are "quite a lot of people starving" in Canada, and he knows of a young emigrant who was paid off at the end of the year with an old bicycle with a busted tyre.

T. S. (Genoa) says an Italian fireman stabbed an English steward on a voyage from Naples to Boston. The Italian was handed over to the police at Boston, but they said they could take no action as the affair occurred on a British ship on the high seas. So he returned to the ship, was given his liberty, and went on with his work as if nothing had happened until he reached Madeira, where he escaped. This seems to indicate serious deficiencies in the matter of international law.

"MEDICUS" (Southwick) complains of our "senseless article" on patent medicines, and says one cannot expect a single formula to cure a large variety of diseases. Opium, however, has a good effect in a number of different ways. Quack medicines may be the lesser of the two evils, the greedy man who operates at all costs being the greater.

N. V. W. (Reading) enquires about a Mr. Faulconbridge, who is looking out for a hundred men to go out to Queensland and then become farmers. We should advise him to make plenty of investigations before dipping into his guineas.

Mrs. A. (Southfields) is writing to us secretly to see if she can have an answer to her extraordinary dream of last night. She dreamed that we made her case known to the Lady Mayores, who filled her lap with gold. Then she awoke amid bare surroundings. Dreams often go by contraries.

G. P. W. (Gravesend) says that though there are plenty of sailors who cannot swim, they can all pull an oar and splice. Yes, but does this apply to stewards?

"A DITCH TOWLER" complains that the City of London has been exempted from the operation of the Shops Act, and that workers in Houndsditch accordingly suffer. Is that so?

B. G. (Paisley) sends a warning against an advertisement appearing in a contemporary for contractors and motor men. Those who answer it receive a long schedule asking for employers' references for five years back, as well as ministers' names and addresses. We always think that employers should be entitled to impose any conditions they like, even about religion and temperance, but advertisers ought to make it clear in advance that they only offer 20s. a week for something like ninety hours, that they do not pay railway fares, and that no salary will be given during the period of learning.

J. M. (Cardiff) says that ships' officers on the China coast have a very bad time. Their duties are arduous and include grave responsibilities, rock dodging on dirty nights, insanitary accommodation, and continual contact with filthy cargo coolies. Typhoid and cholera are extremely frequent, no allowance is made towards the passage home, and all hospital expenses have to be paid by officers who are unfortunate enough to fall ill. The wages, moreover, are absurdly small.

R. L. (Cambourne) thinks an advertisement beginning "Men and boys" ought to read "Boys and men," and he wants us to give a Biscuit to the Admiralty for it. In our innocence we should have thought that men took precedence of boys, but, of course, there is a saying that the boy is father to the man.

"A TRAMP."—We quite agree that it is invidious to subscribe large sums for the benefit of sufferers from the wreck of the *Titanic*, and to do nothing for the families of sailors who lose their lives away from the limelight.

"PETER CROW" persists in claiming the paternity of Jim, and points out that "literary greatness and paternity is as inseparable as the Siamese Twins." He instances Moses, David, Mohammed and Burns. The Bishop of London he regards as a peculiar exception, attributable to his physiognomy, but cannot think of him walking about with Jim. As a matter of fact they are very old friends.

G. S. (at sea) says men on the P. & O. have good quarters and good pay, and nothing to grumble about. Someone is telling fibs.

"COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER" says parsons are "Phoraises." How does he know?

W. H. R. (Wellington).—Posts under the new Insurance Scheme are all filled up, thank goodness.

F. G. (Clapton) says he considers war a relic of barbarity. But he seems to advocate making war upon the Tear of Russia, which is scarcely consistent.

"ONE WHO HAS BEEN GUILLED" (Calgary) tells us about "ready-made farms" in Canada which have been occupied by a colony of Poles who had the experience of crop failure every year. He says ready-made farms have the worst land in the country and cannot hope to succeed.

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT writes very illegibly, but very picturesquely, about the beauties of Kew Gardens. He thinks that, as the work is very well done, the gardeners ought to have more than 23s. a week for twelve hours a day.

"DISAPPOINTED" says he will get the sack if his employers hear that he consulted us about the interpretation of the Shops Act. We cannot believe that Messrs. Spiers and Pond would be so unreasonable. Has he joined their beer-strike?

J. G. (Glasgow) says the police at Partick are very lively, and "are very fond of other men's wives." What a particularly sweeping statement!

W. J. D. (Doncaster).—The question, "Has the grandmother ever had any children?" is worthy of Ollendorf or Senator Smith.

"HACKNEYED" says the suppers and teas served to soldiers are disgraceful, and that it is unfair to forbid them doing their own cooking in barrack-rooms or the vicinity of barrack-rooms.

H. L. S. (London, E.).—Murderers usually have to pay for their own defence, unless helped by editors or other philanthropic friends.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 746.

M^{RS.} BULL

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

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Is a "mechanical clerk" anything of a novelty?

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and

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Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.,

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"Their keen wits would never go WOOL-gathering,"

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BULL'S EYE COUPON.

Postal Order No.

JOHN BULL, June 8, 1912.

I enter JOHN BULL Bull's Eye Competition (issue of June 8, 1912) on the terms stated in such issue.

Name

Address

I select Bull's Eye No.

and suggest the following

finish:—

Not more

than 12

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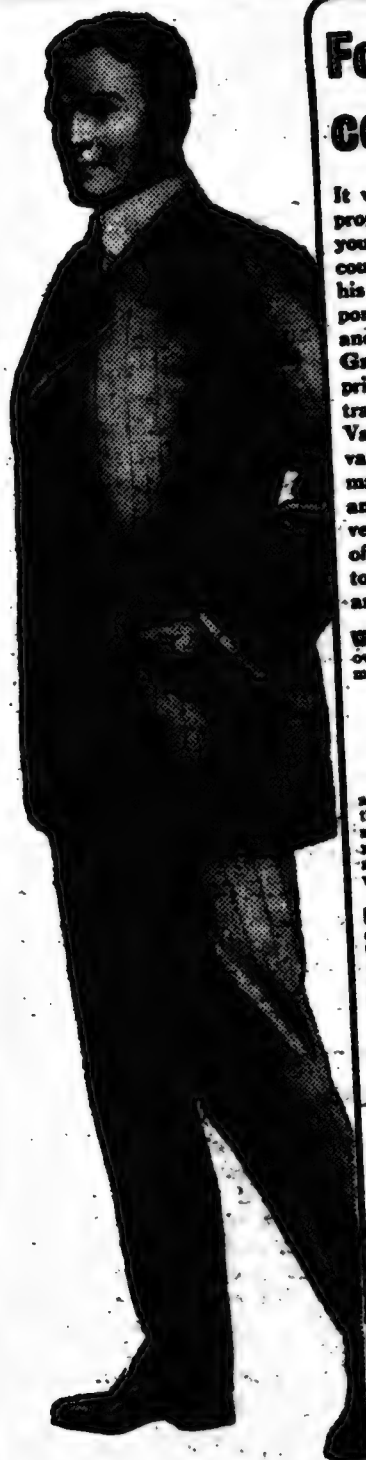
Season Tickets, 21 1s., Children, 10s. 6d., entitling the holder to Free use of Pleasure Trams, Tennis Courts, Seats in the Grandstand Enclosures and Favourable Arrangements for Admission to Attractions and Side Shows.

CALVERT'S
CARBOLISED
Shaving Soap



proves how much the lather can contribute to the comfort of a shave, as the razor goes cleanly and smoothly over the face, meeting no excessive resistance, even from a strong growth of beard, and, therefore, neither scraping nor tearing the skin.

Tenpence a stick from your Chemist.
Sample post free for threepence from
F. C. Calvert & Co. (Dept. 2), Manchester.



For your private consideration.

It will pay you to carefully consider our proposal before deciding who is to make your next Suit. Now-a-days appearance counts for a good deal, & if a man is to keep his position and make the most of his opportunities, he must do justice to his appearance and 'put the best side outwards.' The Graves Suit at 35/- is the greatest popular priced tailoring success which the clothing trade has to offer; for Style, Quality and Value it leads the way, and by taking advantage of our wonderfully easy terms, you may have your new Suit delivered at once, and arrange the payment to suit your convenience. Our remarkable high-grade Suit offer is backed up by the most perfect & up-to-date clothing organisation in existence, and complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

WE DELIVER your Suit from the material of your own choice, stylishly cut, tailored, and carefully made exactly to your own measures

FOR ONLY 5! WITH ORDER

and if you are in every respect entirely pleased with the suit when delivered and tried on at home, the balance is payable by six monthly payments of \$1-. But if you are in any way disappointed with the work, you are under no obligation whatever to keep the suit, and we will immediately return the whole of the money.

IT COSTS NOTHING to test the sincerity of our offer. Write a Post Card to-day for patterns of the **GRAVES \$34- Suit**, and you will receive per return the finest display of materials ever submitted at the price. The cloths of this sample will be cuttings from price. The lengths now being made up, including **TWEEDS, CREVIERES, WORSTED SERGES, PLAIN BLACK & BLUE VINCENAS**, and a splendid leading line in hard wearing **YORKSHIRE SETTINGS**. When you come to examine the patterns you will be struck by the fact that although **\$34-** is admittedly an economical price for a good suit, yet all the patterns we submit are tasteful, superior designs, and such as you notice in the most expensive West End Suits of high-class tailoring.

WHEREVER YOU LIVE you may take advantage of our favorable prices and equitable easy payment terms, and every reader who is alive to his own interests should send a post card immediately for our tokens should read a post card immediately for our unrivaled display of suiting samples at \$24- and \$30-universal free per return. Everything carriage paid to all approved orders for small deposit with order and easy monthly payments through the post after goods are received & considered quite satisfactory. Say whether you prefer Light or Dark patterns. \$4- in the & Discount Cash with order.

J. & GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD.

**THE NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET
FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.)**

hold an immense stock of genuine high-class Second Hand ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE, £200,000 worth of high-class goods for sale, including FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, BEDDING, CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PIANOS, ETC., ETC.

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The following is an abbreviated list of Furniture and Effects lately removed from

**Milton Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens.
Drayton Road, Harleaden.
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyll,
and Elsewhere.**

THE DINING ROOMS, ETC.,

comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £3 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxidised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achermann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

40 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

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Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each; 21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads, £5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring/overlay bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary woven wire spring, 26s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new, £2 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites, £7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 12 guineas; 3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bedstead design mahogany Bedroom suite, complete with bedding, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding, £4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft. 6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £60; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satinwood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite, almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

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include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

Goods from any Country, free of charge, or can remain

All goods delivered Town or Country, free of charge, or can remain stored 12 months free of charge. All goods shipped for Abroad perfectly free. Country Buyers should call and inspect these goods, where they can be seen any day, from 9 till 9, except Saturdays, when we close at 7 o'clock, at

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One door from Oxford Street, three minutes from Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Circus, and adjoining all the principal Tubes. Telephone 1307 Central. Cab Fares refunded to all purchasers.

Any item will be sold separately.
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 Special attention given to Export orders.
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LATIN-BRITISH EXHIBITION, GREAT WHITE CITY, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.

A Colossal Success
of the most Wonderful Representation of the
Romantic Countries of the World,
with the Arts, Industries, Life and Scenery of France, Italy, Spain,
Portugal, Latin-America and Greater Britain.

Open 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission, 1s. Children, 6d.

Season Tickets, £1 1s. Children, 10s. 6d., entitling the holder to Free
use of Pleasure Trams, Tennis Courts, Seats in the Grandstand Enclosures
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IT COSTS NOTHING to test the sincerity of our
offer. Write a Post Card to-day for patterns of the
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the finest display of materials ever submitted at the
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the lengths now being made up, including TWEEDS,
VICUNAS, and a splendid leading line in hard wearing
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the patterns are admittedly an economical price for a good suit,
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The following is an abbreviated list of Furniture and Effects lately
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Drayton Road, Harlesden
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyll,
and Elsewhere.

THE DINING ROOMS, ETC.,

comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian
period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dinin-
table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas;
very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.;
Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs
in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to
match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s.; Carved Oak Dining Table,
Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table,
4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.;
another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with
another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with
oxidised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2
arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite,
£15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real
Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about
9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.;
in numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in
thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant
Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another
by Adolph Achmann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas;
several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard,
Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from
7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms,
Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

40 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square
tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass
Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each;
21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads,
£5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring overlay
bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary
woven wire spring, 26s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new,
£3 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White
enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid
Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites,
£7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 13 guineas;
3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippen-
dale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bed-
stead, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding,
£4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood
Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft.
6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £60; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom
suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satin-
wood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite,
almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid
Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom
Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate,
£25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood
finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy
chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis
Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir
Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends,
covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Oc-
casional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood
decorated centre table, £3 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13
guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room
suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s.
each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand
Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered
in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled
Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft.
by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets;
large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen,
draperies, etc., etc.

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RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.

["Lorry Lynx" of THE PEOPLE, "Double U. L." of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, and "Maggie" of THE GLOBE.]

PROPHETIC.

Epsom's first day, with which I am unable to deal, will very much influence what might happen to-day (Thursday) and to-morrow. The Coronation Cup, to my mind, seems a gift for STEDFAST, while the Royal Stakes gives CIGAR an opportunity which he is certain to take sooner or later, and only if the little horse is kept for something else should I believe in PRINCE SAN atoning for his Hurst Park second. In the Durdans Plate THE STORY, who has won on the course, can carry the big weight easily, and may find most danger from Sunbright, who could win it, but is too erratic. The Oaks depends upon what has happened to

TAGALIE

in the Derby, for I do believe the grey is the best of the fillies, so that it might be the case of throwing away the substance for the shadow through not saving her for it. QUESTA II., a very speedy 3-year-old, has a big chance in the Belmont Plate, for which Badoura and Lord Westbury, if not started in their earlier races, may have to be reckoned with. At Kempton two or three of the light weights, such as Berrilldon or Gala Tweed, should win the Kingston Handicap with the weights 2 stone higher all round, so I must believe in PROTESTANT BOY, or failing him Eblis, who, however, is in more than one event. The best thing of the afternoon, however, is clearly BORROW in the Windsor Castle Handicap, for which he stood out at Manchester last Saturday after arrival. To those able to get the paper in time (Wednesday) under the new publishing plans, I must urge the backing of

SWEEPER II.

to win the Derby, with MORDRED for a place. LORD WESTBURY should gain the Stewards' Handicap.

DIRTY DERBY DIDDLEERS.

SORTING THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

When a man goes to beard the lion in his den he must expect to have a rough time of it. I have spent a fortnight in Switzerland in an attempt to investigate the business methods of the various individuals who are running sweepstakes; and as my visit was announced in these columns two weeks prior to my departure, I was not disappointed at my reception. The first indication of "cordiality" was at Lucerne some few hours after my arrival. Several letters were delivered at my hotel (anonymous, of course) advising me to return to London at once. Then I knew the fun had commenced. On the evening of my arrival, while taking a walk with a Turf Commission agent of long standing and good repute, uncomplimentary remarks were hissed at me. Upon one thing I was determined: I would not have a scene. It would be playing into the hands of the enemy—the wrong 'uns. The annoyance I met at their hands continued during the whole of my stay in Switzerland; and without entering into details of their blackguardly conduct, I will merely concede that they made my visit not altogether pleasant.

GENUINE FIRMS.

There are in Switzerland at least a dozen firms running sweepstakes and asking the British public to invest money with them. Armed with a batch of letters of complaint from people who had been swindled in sweepstakes on the Grand National, my orders were to endeavour to interview the principals of these firms and see what they had to say about them. In addition, I was to offer my services to every firm who was running a sweepstake. The net result of a dozen firms approached worked out as follows:—

The *Totalisator of Lucerne* extended to me a cordial invitation to be present at their draw for the Derby Sweepstake, at the same time mentioning that I should have the company of the representatives of two well-known London papers. My reply to Mr. Cullerne-Bown, the manager,

was that the interests of his subscribers were quite sufficiently safeguarded without my attendance; moreover, I had no complaints against this firm before leaving England. From the *Bouveret Turf Club* I also received a hearty invitation. Here again, however, I learnt that the representatives of two leading London dailies were to be present, and as the journey from Lucerne to Bouveret takes a whole day I wired stating that as they were in good hands I would devote my energies elsewhere.

H. Diamond's draw I have already given an account of, in the issue of June 1st.

Mr. J. F. Aubery, who organised a half-guinea sweepstake, gave me full permission to make the draw myself, which I accordingly did, and my report will appear next week.

Next came *John McLauchlan*, the Edinburgh Turf Commission Agent, and as an attack had been made upon him by a sporting paper some time before I left England, I was glad when he extended to me every facility to witness his draw. The account will appear later.

Now for the others to whom I wrote.

—My letter addressed to *Douglas Mackenzie*, of Goldau, was returned to me by the Swiss postal authorities marked "Gone away." I was not at all surprised, for some of the points I wished to clear up with this gentleman were whether his real name was not Deprew, and whether he was not running other sweepstake businesses in the name of Barnes, Thomas McDonald, and "Sporting Profit." I also wanted a few words with him with reference to a man I was informed was his manager, by name Michaels.

From the remaining firms I got no reply whatever—not even an acknowledgment of my letter.

A FIRM OF MANY ALIASES.

G. H. Bridges, of Lucerne, running a Derby Sweep, seems to change the name of his firm with every event. There are some that have been brought to my notice: *Football Totalisator*; *Pattison*; *Collett*; *Pool*; *Munroe*; *Cooper*; *Underwood*; *Clifford*; *Moreton*; and *Doyle*. My information is that all these are really run by one of the brothers Dew. I am sorry I cannot satisfy my readers who have complaints against these people. The fault is not mine. I went to Switzerland eager to meet them, but they did not want me.

It is useless for me to continue with the names of bogus firms, because they change their styles with every race, and the pity of it is that a new name seems to inspire confidence with the public. From information in my possession I know that the public have been robbed of thousands of pounds by these people. The Swiss police also have had numerous complaints, but are unable to act owing to the fact that the evidence sufficient to convict would have to come from England. In the near future, however, it is not unlikely that legislative measures will be adopted. But the genuine firms will suffer with the bad ones. The sporting public in this country can easily remedy all this. If they wish to speculate, why do they not do so with firms of good repute? It would really seem that the public like to be robbed.

I have in course of preparation a Swiss Turf Commission Agent's "Who's Who." It will deal with the genuine firms only, and recommend those whose business has stood the test of time, and had thorough investigation. When the publication is ready notification will be made in these columns as to how it can be obtained.

At the moment, I advise my readers to avoid every firm not vouched for in these columns. Lucerne and other Swiss towns are at present swarming with Derby Diddleers.

RUFUS WEBB.

With regard to the statements respecting the firm of *Rufus Webb*, of 26, Sackville Street, W., which appeared in our issues of May 11th and 18th, we have now availed ourselves of the firm's invitation to make a searching investigation of its methods of business, and are satisfied that they are absolutely straightforward and above-board. The present proprietors have a receipt in full settlement in respect of the case we quoted, although they were not under any liability in the matter. Their "Double" system is unique, and although it is being installed by other commission agents it is really the monopoly of this firm. We are glad to be able to make this statement.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 748.

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BERT FRY,

BIRSFELDEN,
SWITZERLAND.

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NO LIMIT.

Whereas I, CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN, carrying on business as a Turf Accountant at 24-26, Maddox Street, London, W., owner of "Captain Bell," "Victor de Wet" and other horses, have been and am continually being impersonated, both in London and on racecourses, beg to give notice to the public that I am in no way connected with any other business whatsoever at any other address than at 24-26, Maddox Street, aforesaid.

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The following claims have been received for our issues dated April 13th, 20th, 27th, and May 4th, 1912:—

MR. L. A. KILLINGRAY, 263, Church Street, Toronto. No. 157183.
April 13th.
MR. F. RAYNER, 98, Dresden Terrace, Hexthorpe, Doncaster. No. 141217.
April 20th.
MR. ALF. PAINE, 77, Gray Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E. No. 411734.
April 27th.
MR. J. ROBERTSON, Wheatley Working Men's Club, Morley Road, Doncaster. No. 158295. April 27th.
MR. R. H. FORSYTH, 27, Cambridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. No. 156356. May 4th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 11th:—

992	171399	328579	482468	674804
5784	178378	341940	502897	680402
23274	195147	367891	521908	686273
40523	214601	374774	533643	699493
67500	234703	396957	546708	717973
70475	248216	403106	576018	741761
92658	270929	421552	593078	747705
111729	275000	431166	617663	755184
126327	302268	452979	634882	769022
136938	320947	469477	646366	773194

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 6TH (PUBLISHED JULY 4TH, 1912.)

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I'm a "Bachelor," and I always "Hope," so I did Bachelor's Hope, me boy. I did it with "Duggie" and I've got his Cheque.

I did "Bachelor's Hope," but not with "Duggie," and I've got NO Cheque.

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